

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 651.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1840.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.
(Stamped Edition, 5d.)

For the convenience of Subscribers in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines.—Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not more than 3 months, in advance, are received by BACON & CO., Rue du Commerce, 10, London. For France, and other Countries not requiring postage to be paid in London, 28 fr. or 11. 2s. the year. To other countries, the postage in addition.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
ENGINEERING.—The Council are desirous of appointing a PROFESSOR of ENGINEERING, and a TEACHER of DRAWING, including the Scientific Principles of Perspective and Projection.—Further information as to the instruction expected to be given to the respective Classes will be afforded at the Office of the College. Applications will be received until Saturday, May 2.

THOMAS HEWITT KYLE, Dean of the Faculty of Arts.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.
April 16, 1840.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—The CLASSES in THEOLOGY, the CLASSICS, MATHEMATICS, ENGLISH LITERATURE, and HISTORY, under the superintendence of the Professors and Professors the Rev. T. G. Hall, R. W. Browne, and T. Dale, will be re-OPENED on Tuesday, the 28th instant.
The Classes for Private Instruction in Hebrew, the Oriental, and other Foreign Languages, will also be resumed.
CIVIL ENGINEERING, &c.—This department, under the superintendence of Professors Hall, Moseley, Daniell, Wheatstone, and Austin, will also be re-opened on Tuesday, the 28th instant.
JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—The Classes will re-commence on Tuesday, the 28th instant.
J. LONSDALE, Principal.
April 16, 1840.

HANWELL COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, MIDDLESEX.
Principal.—The Rev. J. A. EMERTON, M.A. Oxon., Curate of Hanwell.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS desirous of selecting a School in a healthy situation, combining the intellectual advantages of a Collegiate Course, with religious instruction, moral training, and domestic care, on liberal terms, may obtain Prospectuses, on application (if by letter, pre-paid) to the Rev. A. W. Moseley, D.D. Rectory, Hanwell; J. D. Macbride, Esq., D.C.L. Principal of Magdalen Hall, Oxford; and of the Principal at the School.

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CHEMISTRY and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—Parents and Friends of Youth, desirous of inculcating in the rising generation a taste for the study and pursuit of the above valuable and highly-interesting Sciences, the principles of which are now extensively applied in the Arts and Manufactures, will find that nothing is so likely to succeed as that of presenting their young friends with a small assortment of Apparatus, which may now be had, at a very moderate expense, at the Manufactory of E. PALMER, 103, Newgate-street, London, where a very extensive variety may always be seen.

NEW AND VERY POWERFUL GALVANIC BATTERY.
SMEE'S CHEMICO-MECHANICAL VOLTAIC BATTERY. described in the *Philosophical Magazine* for April, manufactured in Silver, Plated Metal, &c. of all sizes and forms, from 7s. 6d. to 50s., by E. PALMER, Chemical and Philosophical Instrument Maker, 103, Newgate-street, London, where they may be seen in action. These Batteries are recommended for their being not only very powerful, but the most economical in action, and requiring no manipulation of any other.—N.B. Apparatus for Electrotype, or Art of Copying Medals, Copperplate Engravings, &c., price 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and upwards.

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LONDON and BRIGHTON RAILWAY COMPANY.—TENDERS for LOANS.—The Directors of this Company are prepared, under the powers of their Act, to receive TENDERS for the PAID OF MONIES, and to express their undertaking, and of the rates and tolls arising therefrom, on interest at the rate of 5l. per cent. per annum, to be paid half-yearly, in sums of not less than 200l., and for the terms of three, five, or seven years. The Tenders are to express the sums and term of years for which the same are proposed to be lent, and to be addressed to the Secretary, at the Company's Office, 10, Abchurch-lane, London.
By order of the Board of Directors.
London, March 12, 1840. THOMAS WOOD, Sec.

Sales by Auction.
SOUTHGATE'S ROOMS.
By Mr. SOUTHGATE, at his Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, on WEDNESDAY, April 22.

THE STOCK, COPPERPLATES, COPY-RIGHTS, and REMAINDERS of the following Valuable Works, by John Britton, Esq., F.S.A. &c., viz. A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archaeology of the Middle Ages; A Historical and Topographical Account of Cassiobury, folio; An Engraved Survey of the Borough of Marylebone; An Engraved View of the Interior of the Chancel of Stratford-upon-Avon Church—Also, the Entire Stock of Mr. T. F. Hunt's Valuable Architectural Works, viz. Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture; Designs for Lodges, Gardeners' Houses, and other Buildings; Designs for Parsonage-Houses, Almshouses, &c.; Exemplars of Tudor Architecture, adapted to Modern Habitations—Also, the Entire Stocks of the Illustrated Introduction to Lamarck's Conchology, by Edmund A. Crouch, Esq., F.L.S., in 1 vol. royal 8vo., of the Magazine of Natural History, Vols. 1 to 3, First Series, complete, edited by J. G. Cuvier; also, of the Gardener's Magazine, Vols. 1 to 10, First Series, complete, edited by J. C. Loudon, Esq.

Also, on FRIDAY, April 21.
A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION of BOOKS,

Including the LIBRARY of a GENTLEMAN removed from the Country, among which are,

Curtis's Flora Londinensis, coloured plates, 3 vols. russia.—Bullard et Ventant Herbar de la France, coloured plates, 4 vols. russia.—Galerie du Palais Royal, fine impressions, 3 vols. russia.—Trimmer's Bible, 1540—Drake's History and Antiquities of York, 4 vols. russia.—Le Comte Annales Ecclesiastiques Francorum, 2 vols. mor.—Patrick, Lowth, Arnald, and Whitty's Commentary, by James, 6 vols. russia.—Tomlin's Law Dictionary, 2 vols. russia.—Baron's Abridgment, by Gillman and Dodd, 8 vols. russia.—Leland Collectanea, 6 vols. russia.—Nesbit's Monumenta Anglicana, 4 vols. russia.—Horn's Introduction to the History of the Seven Years' War, 10 vols. russia.—Lodge's Portraits, 12 vols. russia.—Hume and Smollett's England, 13 vols.—Gibbon's Rome, 12 vols.—Hooke's Rome, 1 vol., &c. &c.

May be viewed, and Catalogues had at the Rooms.
Valuations made of Libraries, Printing Establishments, Office Furniture, &c.

THE VERY VALUABLE and IMPORTANT LIBRARY of THE LATE SIR SIMON HAUGHTON CLARKE, Bart. Messrs. CHRISTIE & MANSON respectfully inform the Nobility and Public, that they will SELL BY AUCTION, on MONDAY, April 27, and two following days, at 1 o'clock precisely,

THE VERY VALUABLE LIBRARY of the late SIR SIMON HAUGHTON CLARKE, Bart. It is composed principally of the finest Works on Art, including all the Great Galleries; Botany and Natural History; Topography and General History; and is very rich in French and Italian Literature.—The Library may be viewed four days preceding, and Catalogues had.

THE BEAUTIFUL DRAWINGS of the MUSÉE ROYAL. By Messrs. CHRISTIE & MANSON, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, on WEDNESDAY, May 6, at 1 o'clock precisely.

ONE HUNDRED and FIFTEEN BEAUTIFUL FINISHED DRAWINGS, by distinguished French Artists, from the original Pictures and Statues in the Louvre, made for that magnificent work.

THE MUSÉE ROYAL.
The original proprietors of which work expended the sum of two millions of francs upon the purchase of these drawings by the most distinguished Artists of the period, from the celebrated works of the Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch Painters, and from the Antique Statues, which have acquired a reputation of the Louvre. May be viewed two days preceding, and Catalogues had.

THE RENOWNED GALLERY of PICTURES of the LATE SIR SIMON HAUGHTON CLARKE, Bart. Messrs. CHRISTIE & MANSON have the honour to inform the Nobility and Connoisseurs, that they are instructed to SELL BY AUCTION, at the Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, on FRIDAY, May 8, and SATURDAY, 9th, at 1 o'clock precisely.

THE VERY CELEBRATED GALLERY of PICTURES of the late SIR SIMON HAUGHTON CLARKE, Bart., and removed from Oakhill.

In this Collection, which has for so many years furnished the great attractions to the Exhibitions of the British Institution, and through that source has been made partially familiar to the Connoisseur, it will be merely necessary to particularize the following among the many treasures of Art, which it is so well known to possess. The Good Shepherd and the Infant St. John; Works of Murillo, which have acquired a reputation throughout Europe, second to very few of any Master; The Venus disarming Cupid, by Paul Veronese.

The Collection is particularly rich in the Works of Rubens, Teniers, and other great Flemish Masters.

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This short notice must be more than sufficient to excite the interest which so rare an opportunity must create.

The Collection may be publicly viewed three days preceding, and Catalogues had.

THE VERY IMPORTANT COLLECTION of ANCIENT and MODERN ENGRAVINGS, of a NOBLEMAN of HIGH RANK, Deceased.

Messrs. CHRISTIE & MANSON respectfully inform the Nobility and Connoisseurs, that they will SELL BY AUCTION at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, on MONDAY, May 11, and following days.

(By order of the Executors.)
THE very important and highly-celebrated COLLECTION of ANCIENT and MODERN ENGRAVINGS, of a NOBLEMAN of HIGH RANK, Deceased. In this choice Collection will be found, in the Italian school, rare Nielli, numerous and fine specimens of M. Antonio and his school, the Master of the Die, Giulio Bonasone, Beatriceo Enza Vico, the Glisi, &c.; Specimens of the School of Parma, Bologna, Venice, and Naples; numerous and fine specimens of the early German Masters; Engravings by Rembrandt and other Dutch Masters in rare situations; a series of Portraits; also fine Collection of English and Foreign Modern Engravings, and a few Books of Prints.—Catalogues are being prepared.

THE HON. LADY BAGOT'S UNIQUE COLLECTION of ANCIENT GLASS.

Messrs. CHRISTIE & MANSON have the honour to inform the Nobility and Connoisseurs that they have received instructions to SELL BY AUCTION, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, on WEDNESDAY, May 13, and the following day, at 1 o'clock precisely.

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Comprising the Five Saints by Guido, Triumph of Silenus, Rubens, the St. Jerome, by V. Dyck, studies for the celebrated pictures, a pair of Landscapes by G. and N. Poussin, Portraits by A. del Sarto, G. Penni, and Dobson, and others by P. Perugino, Bassano, D. Calvert, A. del Sarto, Guido, Rembrandt, Giorgione, Mola, Brandi, F. F. Mont, Palma, Schedone, P. da Cortona, Jordans, Velasquez, Crespi, &c. &c.
May be viewed two days preceding, and Catalogues had.

COLLECTION of DRAWINGS by OLD MASTERS, of the late LORD ST. HELENS.

Messrs. CHRISTIE & MANSON respectfully inform the Nobility and Connoisseurs, that they will SELL BY AUCTION, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, on WEDNESDAY, May 30, at 1 o'clock precisely.

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This collection consists of a volume of exquisite Drawings by Murillo, including many finished Studies for his celebrated Pictures, acquired by Lord St. Helens from the Ecclesiastical Library at Seville; Eight Heads by Raffaele; grand Designs on graille; and numerous choice Specimens of the Great Masters, of the different Schools of Italy, France, Flanders, and Holland.

The Collection may be viewed three days preceding, and Catalogues had.

THE WORKS of the LATE THOS. DANIELL, Esq., R.A. By Messrs. CHRISTIE & MANSON, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, on FRIDAY, May 22, and following day, at 1 o'clock precisely.

THE COLLECTION of that very celebrated ROYAL ACADEMICIAN, THOMAS DANIELL, Esq., deceased, whose elegant and very talented works have made Europe familiar with the scenery of the East.

They consist of Oil Pictures and Sketches of all the temples and most interesting spots in India, with characteristic subjects and figures coloured, and mounted sets of the great work; some of which are by the Master; Copies by Mr. Daniel from Dutch Pictures and from Wilson; Prints and Books of Prints, and the Library of Works on Art and general Literature.

May be viewed two days preceding, and Catalogues had.

PRINTERS' PENSION SOCIETY.—THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER, at the London Tavern, on THURSDAY, April 23, 1840.

His Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE in the Chair.

Stewards.
Rt. Hon. Visct. Mahon, M.P. T. Spalding, Esq.
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Tickets, 15s. each (including one bottle of wine), to be had at the London Tavern; of the Committee, Collector, and of J. S. HOBSON, Secretary.

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WANTED.—A PRINT of the OFFICIAL COSTUME of the Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, as displayed in the engraving of the Right Honourable Lord Frederick Campbell, or in any other engraving of this great Officer of State, in this print, the Founders of the Scotch Nation.
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A STATEMENT of FACTS, showing the Injustice done to Ireland and Scotland during the last Ten Years' Management of the Board of Excise, London, by the encouragement given to the natives of England, in preference to those of Ireland and Scotland, in the Service of the Revenue. This tract was printed in 1836, and for the last few years were distributed them and in 1839 it was noticed in the Dublin Evening Post of 15th and 22nd June, 1839: (For this tract, One Pound Sterling will be given.)
Address, G. care of Mr. James Braidwood, Bookseller, 36, George-street, Edinburgh.
April, 1840.

On Monday, April 27, in 1 vol. royal folio, half-lb. in morocco, with patent caoutchouc binding, price Four Guineas.

LORD MONSON'S SKETCHES in the DEPARTMENT of the ISERE and the HIGH ALPS, chiefly drawn in the Month of Felix 1839, by Dr. Gilly, Lithographed by LOUIS HOGUE.
London: W. H. Dalton, Cockspur-street, Charing-cross.

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This day is published, in fcap. 8vo. price 6s. in boards, a New edition, being the Fourth.

THE SUBALTERN.

Originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine.'
W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London.
On Friday, May 1, will be published, No. 1, price 1s. 6d. (to be completed in about Fourteen Monthly Numbers), of
A DICTIONARY of PRINTING, containing a comprehensive Outline of the whole Practice of the Art at the present day, together with a large mass of collateral information. By WILLIAM SAVAGE, Author of 'Practical Hints on Decorative Printing,' &c. &c.
London: Longman, Orme & Co.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY. Vol. 72.
On Wednesday, the 1st of April, was published, in One handsome Volume, price 3s. bound in cloth.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1840.

REVIEWS

Woman and her Master. By Lady Morgan.
2 vols. Colburn.

Lady Morgan has in these volumes undertaken to investigate one of the most important elements of social science, the position which woman should occupy both in the order and progress of society. She has sought in the records of the past guidance and direction for the future; she has subjected the pages of history to a vigorous moral analysis, testing their facts with the skill of a critic, and deducing results with the wisdom of a philosopher. We do not agree in all the opinions which she has put forward; there are some of her deductions which we could not admit without considerable limitations; but she has established a case for inquiry, she has shown that there are grievances to be redressed, though she may not have pointed out the most efficient or the most practicable remedies; and thus concludes her eloquent denunciation of the wrongs inflicted by the present social position of woman:—

"Educating her for the Harem, but calling on her for the practices of the Portico, man expects from his odalisque the firmness of the stoic, and demands from his servant the exercise of those virtues which, placing the *élite* of his own sex at the head of his muster-roll, give immortality to the master. He tells her 'that obscurity is her true glory, insignificance her distinction, ignorance her lot, and passive obedience the perfection of her nature'; yet he expects from her, as the daily and hourly habit of her existence, that conquest over the passions by the strength of reason, that triumph of moral energy over the senses and their appetites, and that endurance of personal privations and self-denials, which with him (even under all the excitements of ambition and incentives to renown) are qualities of rare exception, the practices of most painful acquirement. Such has been the destiny of woman amongst the most highly-organized and intellectual of the human races, and in the regions most favourable to their moral development. Among the inferior varieties, and in less temperate regions, she is even yet more degraded and helpless. The object and the victim of a brutal sensuality, her life passes in humiliating restriction and debasing ignorance; while her death is not unusually an act of murderous violence, or of refined torture."

The question proposed for discussion is—"How has this Pariah of the species, this alien to law, this dupe of fictions and subject of force,—how has she felt, how acted, how borne the destiny assigned her?" We shall best do justice to the author, to ourselves, and to our readers by condensing into a brief abstract the partial solution which is given of the problem.

There seems to be a balance in the moral as in the physical world; in both "re-action is equal to action and contrary thereto;" the oppressor who denies the weapons of reason supplies the arm of cunning; the rights refused in the light of day are avenged by the wrongs perpetrated in secrecy and darkness. Unjust ascendancy holds its sway on the tenure of living in continual fear. Homer declares that "the day which makes a man a slave, takes away half his worth;" it might be added, that "the day which makes a man a tyrant sweeps off the entire." Moral retribution begins with the very commencement of wrong; in the midst of triumph and exultation, the warning voice of the prophetess falls heavy on the ear of the guilty lord;—

Is that Hell's drag-net which I see?
Drag-net or woman? She! the very she
Who slept beside thee in the midnight bowery;
Wife and murderess! How dark quires,
How in timbre'd anthems dark,
For Atreus' deadly line
And the fearful shower of blood.

Lady Morgan's investigation commences with

the first created pair, and she discusses at some length the old question of the casuists, whether Adam or Eve deserves most blame for the Fall. Archbishop Sharpe settled the question long ago; he said, "Adam was the worse, for he turned king's evidence; he listened to his wife like a fool, and betrayed her like a knave." This, however, we deem a question suited rather to casuists and schoolmen than reasonable beings, and we gladly turn to records, where our information is more full and complete, the history of the Hebrew patriarchs.

In examining the condition of women during the patriarchal age, a difficulty presents itself which it requires no small share of skill and courage to surmount. The patriarchs have been sometimes regarded as "the saints of the Old Testament," and it has been represented as a kind of impiety, to subject their institutions or their actions to rigid scrutiny. This difficulty is greatly aggravated by the efforts which all western translators have made to deprive this oriental history of its oriental colouring, and to narrate the events as if they were of possible occurrence in European society. The double error was made of investing the personages with sanctity which did not belong to them, and of bringing the actions within the range of sympathies from which they were removed by time and place. It is forgotten by the advocates of these errors, that a feeling may be recommended without imparting any share of approbation to the action by which the feeling was evidenced. The faith of Abraham may be honoured by those who withhold praise from the precise instance of its exertion in the expulsion of Hagar and Ishmael; just as we praise the patriotism of the elder Brutus, while we condemn the display of it in superintending the torture of his sons. With these few words of explanation, which in these days of cavil seem necessary, we shall proceed to examine the domestic relations of Abraham and Sarah. Lady Morgan having shown from the sacred records that the patriarch was indebted for his prosperity to the personal attractions and virtue of his wife, thus briefly but impressively exhibits the reward of her beauty and discretion:

"Sarah, however, whose 'desire was to her husband,' whose devotion was always resorted to in all perilous exigencies, still returned, from the palaces of kings to her own domestic tent, the submissive wife and arduous servant. Not till she beheld her handmaid, the Egyptian bondwoman Hagar, preferred to that beauty which had placed more than one sovereign at her feet, not till she saw her own son, 'even Isaac,' mocked by the son of the concubine, by Ishmael, who was about to usurp his inheritance through the partiality of Abraham, did her long-stifled sense of wrongs find vent (for the wrongs of Sarah, however necessitated or predestined by an inscrutable providence, were still wrongs in the natural justice of things) in that beautiful and bitter outburst of indignant feeling, with which she reproaches Abraham, and protects the rights of her child. 'My wrong be upon thee!' 'The Lord judge between thee and me!' were proofs that she felt injuries, for which her physical inferiority left her no redress. The Lord, however, did judge between them, and pronounced in favour of Sarah! 'For God said unto Abraham: In all that Sarah hath said to thee hearken unto her, for in Isaac shall thy seed be called.'"

In forming a moral estimate of this conduct we must not forget that the patriarchs were nomades, and that among wandering pastoral tribes means and opportunities are wanting for evolving the tender affections that belong to domestic life. When Abraham visited Egypt, we find that he conformed to the usages which civilization had there established; he neither secluded his wife, nor compelled her to wear the odious veil; "the princes of Pharaoh saw her and commended her before Pharaoh." Such a

course was scarcely practicable in nomade life, especially at a period when nearly every tribe of shepherds was a tribe of robbers; and when to allow freedom to a woman in the plains of Palestine was to expose her to the horrors of kidnapping and slavery. Domestic servitude appears to be naturally generated in nomade life by the conditions of its existence, and polygamy is the result of the inferiority which thus becomes established.

There is, however, an instance of greater equality and more just relations between husband and wife in patriarchal life, which Lady Morgan has not noticed. We allude to Job and his wife, his only wife; for this patriarch, at least, was no polygamist. An injury has been done to the character of the wife by the mis-translation of one word in her address to her suffering husband, "Dost thou still maintain thine integrity, Curse God and die!" The Hebrew word (*Berck*) literally means *Bless*, and so rendered we find, that instead of suggesting an act of impiety, she recommends submission to the Divine will; obviously alluding to the patriarch's own words;—

Jehovah gave; Jehovah hath taken away;
Blessed be the name of Jehovah!

We find that this noble woman remained with Job to the last, and that at the termination of his trials, and her own, she became the mother of ten children, and shared in the renovated happiness of her husband. And, as Mr. Wemyss justly remarks, "when the Almighty orders expiation to be made for the improper language of Job's friends, no mention is made of her conduct as betraying unbelief, impatience or impiety." It may also be mentioned, as a proof of the respect paid to women, that Job's daughters shared their father's inheritance on equal terms with their brethren.

To the picture of domestic felicity, presented in the conclusion of Job's history, no greater contrast could be found than the evils produced by polygamy and injustice to woman in the family of Jacob. On these it is not necessary to dwell; they ended in subjecting the whole race of Israel to the severity of Egyptian bondage.

As some compensation for their misery, which the Hebrews, or "wanderers," as their name imports, suffered during their bondage in Egypt, it must be remembered that they learned the rudiments of the arts and sciences in that civilized land, and they were especially taught that first great element of all social improvement, respect for the right and the dignity of woman. In no part of the Hebrew history does woman act a more conspicuous or noble part than in the deliverance of the nation from its servitude. When the men of Israel bowed in helplessness before Pharaoh, two women spurned his edicts and refused his behests. A father made no effort to save the infant Moses, but a mother's care hid him while concealment was possible, and a sister watched over his preservation when exposed on the river's brink. To woman was intrusted the charge of providing for the perils and the wants of the wilderness; and in the hour of triumph woman's voice was loudest in the acclamation of joy that ascended to heaven from an emancipated nation:

"After the miraculous passage of the Red Sea, and the utter destruction of the Egyptian army, when the brightening day that succeeded to the dreadful night spread before the weary, but joyous Israelites, the waterless deserts of Shur,—Moses raised that glorious canticle, supposed to be the earliest recorded poetry of the world, which, full of triumph for his miraculous passage and victory, predicted the downfall of great nations before his own,—the sorrows 'of the people of Palestine'—the 'amazement of the Dukes of Edom.' But he sung not alone,—coeval with this first poetic outburst of holy inspiration from the lips of man, was the poetry

of woman's high, excited spirit. 'Miriam the prophetess took a cymbal in her hand, and all the women went with timbrels and with dances after her: answering the terror-striking ode of Moses with more cheery inspirations, she raised the depressed spirits of an audience of 600,000 listeners, calling on them 'to sing unto the Lord, for he had triumphed gloriously! the horse and his rider had he thrown into the sea.' Miriam was thus a leader of the female emigration of Israel, sharing in her brother's prophetic mission, and animating her people by strains as inspired as his own."

The subsequent melancholy fate of Miriam is known; but though she suffered, the rights of women continued to be respected, as was shown by the memorable decision in favour of the daughters of Zelophehad.

Under the theocracy and the Judges, woman's social position appears to have deteriorated. The religion taught by Moses, and the traditions of civilization brought from Egypt, fell together; disobedience to God was ever accompanied by treachery to man and brutality to woman. Purity of faith can only be maintained by cultivated intelligence; irreligion is the daughter of ignorance, for there is nothing more unholy than superstition, and nothing more impious than bigotry. The Hebrew women again appeared to vindicate the faith of their ancestors and the rights of the sex. In Deborah's magnificent canticle for the overthrow of Sisera, on which Lady Morgan has commented with great force and feeling, there is one passage which favours the supposition that the degradation of woman was a corruption derived from the idolatrous nations of Canaan, for, in one of the finest passages, she exults in the disappointment of Sisera, who had speculated on a fresh supply of victims for his harem, and personal ornaments prepared by the labour of his female captives:—"The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot! Her wise ladies (favourite slaves) answered her; yea she returned answer unto herself: Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey? to every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needle-work, of needle-work on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil."

It adds to the beauty of this noble effusion of piety and patriotism, that womanly feelings mingle in the triumph, and that while the prophetess rejoices in the delivery of her country, she also exults in the rescue of her sex from barbarous degradation. Lady Morgan dwells at great length on the benefits which Israel derived from the administration of Deborah, and concludes with this forcible remark—

"It has been remarked by scriptural commentators, that Deborah alone, of all the rulers of Israel, has escaped, unreprieved by the prophets and inspired historians; and the murmuring Israelites, who denounced Moses as deceptive, accused Joshua as indiscreet, revealed the vices of Samson, the frailties of David, and the idolatry of Solomon, have left the pure and active life of Deborah of Lapidoth without spot or reproach."

Under the monarchy, the condition of the Hebrew women was greatly changed for the worse. Moses, in his last addresses to the people, had traced the character of a constitutional monarch, such as had probably occupied the throne of Egypt previous to the accession of the tyrannical Pharaoh: but the Israelites had now forgotten the knowledge gained during the captivity; they made no reference to the admirable model which Moses had bequeathed, but chose for imitation the customs of the barbarous nations by which they were surrounded—"Make us a king to judge us, like all the nations." It is remarkable, that Samuel, in his

eloquent dissuasive, lays great stress on the fact that female degradation would be the result of granting their request—"He will take your daughters to be confectionaries and to be cooks and to be bakers." Saul, with all his faults, appears not to have favoured polygamy; but this worst abuse of Oriental despotism was, if not introduced, at least renewed and extended by David. His sensual indulgence was productive of domestic misery, private crime, and public disaster. Cassandra's denunciation of the palace of the Atridae is equally applicable to the splendid structure erected by David at Jerusalem.

That dismal and abhorred house,
The Pious hate its dark and conscious walls!
It knows of kinsmen by their kinsmen slain,
And many a horrid death-ropes swung!
A house where men like beasts are slain!
The floor is all in blood!

Absalom, Ammon, Adonijah, and the wretched Tamar, rendered "the cedar palace" of David scarcely less horrible than the house of Pelops.

"But while this warrior, prophet, poet, king, has become a warning by his faults and an example by his contrition—while the men of his family violated every law of justice and humanity—what were the crimes and the vices of the women? of the women whose lives he had degraded, whose minds he had perverted? Scripture, that veracious book of reference, which conceals not the failings of its elect, nor even the virtues of its outcasts, scripture records *not one!*—not one accusation starts forth against them. Michal, Abigail, Ahinoam, Haggith, Syloth, Bathsheba, with so many others of lesser note, but haply not fewer charms,—all these, the victims of a system, as destructive of moral development, as it was at variance with the natural justice of things,—the supposedly born servants of their divine-righted master, violated no law of nature, perpetrated no crime, committed no treachery, (none, at least, which history has recorded); and they are rarely cited, save when honourably brought forward in the exercise of some natural affection, or by the outbreak of some high quality of mind! Of this the political interference of Bathsheba, in favour of Solomon, and the moral courage with which Michal reproached the effeminacy of her royal husband, were striking instances."

Solomon far outstripped David in the luxuriance of his harem; but he was soon dragged down to the level of the degradation he inflicted—"The greatest and wisest of men, fell, not by the physical or moral force of man, but by woman. It was the servant who overthrew the master—it was the slave who dethroned the sovereign." Solomon has left two delineations of female character—the one, glowing with all the exuberance of Oriental imagination, in the book of Canticles; the other, which seems to have escaped Lady Morgan's notice, in the book of Proverbs, in which there is a just appreciation of woman's dignity, and a direct assertion of her rights. In the portrait of a virtuous woman, (Prov. xxxi, 10–31), we find, that "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her"—that "she stretcheth out her hand to the poor"—"strength and honour are her clothing"—"she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness"—"her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her." Assuredly this picture belongs to the younger and better days of Solomon, ere a thousand women were incarcerated in "the house of the forest of Lebanon," for the pleasure and caprice of one man.

Lady Morgan enters into an elaborate examination of the characters of Jezebel and Athaliah, both bold and bad women, but surrounded by men their equals in crime, and their inferiors in courage. We have, however, heard rather too much about Jezebel of late days, and we pass with pleasure to the character of Esther, who united "the qualities of a profound stateswoman to the zeal of a devoted patriot."

"Who would despise a nation which had amongst them such women?" asks the scriptural text; but

who, in tracing the history of that nation, can deny that it was to 'such women' under Heaven, as much as to its men, that it owed the conservation of that intellectual principle, of that moral force, which, at remote intervals, rescued the stiffnecked generations of Israel from the evils into which their fierce passions and unyielding self-sufficiency, that 'hardness of heart,' against which 'the Lord testified, by all the prophets and by all the seers,' continually plunged them."

The Jews returned from Persia a fallen people: Ichabod was written on their temples and palaces; the glory of their nation was departed; and the prophet Malachi informs us, that their continued injustice to their women was the main cause of their degradation. Under the Syrian kings, they were

Slaves, nay, the bondsmen of a slave.

And though a transient gleam was shed on their sinking fortunes by the heroism of the gallant Maccabees, it soon faded—"the sceptre departed from Judah, and a law-giver from between his feet." The character of the Hebrew women sunk with their nation, until it was again amply redeemed by those who were "last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre."

In this rapid sketch of the history of the Hebrew women, we find, that while the female character was respected, the vigour of the nation remained firm and unimpaired; but when, yielding to the example of the surrounding barbarous nations, the Israelite degraded his helpmate to his slave, he purchased temporary gratification by the sacrifice of peace to himself, and prosperity to his descendants. The last words of the legislator, and the last words of the last prophet, predicted this: polygamy and frequent divorce were the sins that precipitated final ruin.

In no ancient country was female influence so sensibly felt as in Greece; but unfortunately, those who displayed the greatest mastery of mind, obtained the most extensive sway, and left behind the most memorable names, belonged to the degraded class of Hetaeræ or Courtezans.

"These women, whose names are linked with those of the greatest and wisest men of antiquity, were the outcasts of society—its admiration, its pride, and its shame—the agents of its refined civilization, the instruments of its rapid moral corruption."

Lady Morgan denounces, with indignant severity, the position assigned to married women by the legislation of Athens, but she does not make sufficient allowance for the practical relaxation of these laws, introduced by custom. The matron did not perhaps exercise such open and avowed influence as the Hetaera, but her voice was heard, and her counsel taken. The jest of Themistocles is well known; he said his infant son was sovereign of mankind, and thus proved his point:—"Athens rules the world, I rule Athens, my wife rules me, and the child rules her." The Lysistrata of Aristophanes contains abundant proof of the legitimate influence exercised by the matrons of Athens; indeed, the mere fact of the poet appealing to his countrywomen in their several capacities, as mothers, wives, and daughters, to exert themselves in favour of peace, is a proof that women could exercise a voice potential in public affairs. Too much weight is given to the statements of the renegade Xenophon: after he had been banished from Athens, he affected a dislike of the Athenian habits and manners, condemned Attic refinement as effeminate, and recommended Lacedæmonian brutality as manly. No one that has read his 'Life of Agesilaus' can respect Xenophon as a moralist, and a very slight examination of the Hellenics will show that historical accuracy forms no part of his merits. The cry raised against Euripides, which is echoed by Lady Morgan, may be taken as another proof of female influence in Athens. The poet was charged with impiety, immorality, and all the *et cætera* which are usually aggregated

when it serves the purpose of party to run down an author: he trampled over these; but he was charged with being "a woman hater," and his doom was sealed. We deny that Euripides merited the imputation: he who drew the character of Alcestis,—the wife who offered herself to death that the life of her husband might be spared; the mother whose consoling reflection was, that she bequeathed to her children an heritage of glory—could not be called a slanderer and maligner of woman. Take the last speech of Alcestis—or, rather, what she supposed to be her last speech—and say if, in the whole range of Grecian literature, there is a finer appreciation of woman's tenderness and woman's dignity.

I die without reluctance, though the gifts
Of youth are mine, to make life grateful to me.
Yet he that gave thee birth, and she that bore thee
Deserted thee, though well it had becom'd them
With honour to have died for thee.

..... My last request
Is just, thou wilt confess it; for thy love
To these our children equals mine; thy soul
If wisdom tempers, in their mother's house
Let them be lords: wed not again, nor set
A step-dame o'er my children

..... Farewell, be happy.
And thou, my husband may'st with honour boast
Thou hast been wedded to a virtuous wife;
And you, my children, glory in your mother.

The Philosophy of Greece may have been unjust to woman, but nowhere does the female character appear more completely invested with the majesty of moral loveliness, than in the poetry of Greece, and especially of Athens. Where is there a touch of maternal tenderness superior to Danaë's exclamation to her sleeping infant, in the ode of Simonides?—

But couldst thou feel what I deplore,
Then would I bid thee—sleep no more.

Among all the creations of fancy, where can we find a parallel for the daughters of Ocean suddenly bursting upon us, amid all the horrors and all the gloom that encompasses the suffering Prometheus?

The Clytemnestra of the same author is no coarse personification of incestuous passion and daring crime; she is a commissioned minister of vengeance, who punishes the guilt of her husband by greater guilt of her own; yet does woman's tenderness mix with her sterner emotions,—the fondness of the mother breaks through the fury of the injured wife: she reverses the feelings of Juliet—her dearest hate springs from her dearest love. In the magnificent trilogy on the fate of the royal family of Thebes, where crime follows crime, and horror is heaped on horror, until the reader feels as if doomed to drink the cup of agony to the dregs, there is one character to which his heart clings instinctively—the high-minded but tender Antigone: as daughter, sister, and spouse, she displays a heart overflowing with the softest affection, and yet, in the hour of difficulty and danger, her spirit rises above that of all her companions, and she ventures on deeds of virtuous daring, from which the men who surrounded her shrunk aghast. We could easily multiply these examples, but we have said enough to show that, in the case of Woman *versus* Man, the count of the indictment relating to Athens is "not proven"—at least to the extent on which Lady Morgan insists.

The case of the Roman ladies remains yet to be considered, but they must be reserved for some future opportunity.

Memoirs of the Princess Daschkaw.

(Second Notice.)

THE important passage which gave the Princess Daschkaw a place among the remarkable personages of modern history, was dismissed in our former notice of this amusing book. In further pursuing the memoirs, a more desultory treatment is necessary, for the tale of the subsequent fortunes of the Princess, if followed step by step, through her troubles at the court of Catherine—her foreign travels with the laudable purpose of

securing to her son a liberal education—her subsequent disunion from her son and daughter—her judicious proceedings as head of the Russian Academy—her exile under the Emperor Paul, &c. &c.—would demand more space than could possibly be accorded to it. Let us see, then, what anecdotes the book contains; and, passing hither and thither at our pleasure, let us draw from it such fragments as may encourage the reader to a continuous perusal. Perhaps we cannot do better than offer a few illustrations of Russian royalty as it was:—

"It is well known that, during the reign of Peter the First, it was the custom of that tyrant to punish those nobles who offended him, by an imperial order that they should become fools; from which moment, the unfortunate victim, however endowed with intellect, instantly became the laughing-stock of the whole court; he had the privilege of saying everything he chose, at the peril, however, of being kicked or horsewhipped, without daring to offer any sort of retaliation; everything he did was ridiculed, his complaints treated as jests, and his sarcasms sneered at and commented on, as marvellous proofs of understanding in a fool. The Empress Anne surpassed this abominable cruelty, but sometimes mingled in her practices so much of oddity, that it was impossible not to be entertained. Once she decreed that a certain Prince G— should become a hen, to punish him for some trifling misdemeanor; and for this purpose, she ordered a large basket, stuffed with straw, and hollowed into a nest, with a quantity of eggs inside, to be placed conspicuously in one of the principal rooms at court. The prince was condemned, on pain of death, to sit upon this nest, and render himself to the last degree ridiculous, by imitating the cackling of a hen. This same empress was very fond of the Countess Tchernicheff, and frequently ordered her into her presence, to divert her by her amusing conversation. This poor lady became, however, exceedingly unwell, and her legs swelled so violently, as to make it quite a martyrdom for her to stand. The empress, never conceiving the possibility of a subject being tired in the presence of her sovereign, and not wishing to deprive herself of the entertainment she experienced in her society, for a long time saw her suffering before her eyes, without offering the slightest relief. One day, however, perceiving her ready to faint, and vainly trying to support herself, first on one foot and then on the other, yet still forcing her spirits into gaiety, the empress took compassion on her poor favourite, and said, 'Thou may'st lean upon that table, and Anna Ivanovna (her majesty's chief attendant) shall stand before thee, and screen thee from me, so that I may not see thy attitude.' On another occasion, this empress expressed a great curiosity to see the Russian dance, and ordered four of the principal beauties of St. Petersburg to perform it in her presence. The Princess Daschkaw's mother, then in her zenith, and famous for her grace in dancing, made one in this group; but whatever their sense of such an imperial honour might have been, in distinguishing them above their fellows, they were, nevertheless, so intimidated, and trembled to such an excess at the severe glance of the empress, that, losing all presence of mind, they forgot the figure of the dance, and, amidst the general confusion and dismay, were suddenly electrified by the approach of her majesty, who had risen from her seat in a rage, and, advancing towards them with the utmost dignity, gave each a sound box on her ear, commanding them instantly to begin over again, which they did, more dead than alive."

What a change from these free and easy pastimes to the four full-dress toilettes a-day, dwelt on with such *gusto* by Lord Londonderry! The following specimen of "the fascinating powers" of the Empress Catherine, so enthusiastically lauded by the Princess, lets in more light upon the court of former days:—

"I was enthusiastically fond of music; but she was far from being so; and Prince Daschkaw, though with some taste for it, was as little of a performer as the empress. She was, nevertheless, fond of hearing me sing, and sometimes, when I had done, secretly passing a sign across to Prince Daschkaw, she would gravely propose a duet, which she used to call the

music of the spheres, and which, without either of them knowing how to sing a note, they both performed in concert. A sudden burst of the most exalted and ridiculously discordant tones was the consequence,—one seconding the other, with scientific shrugs, and all the solemn self-complacent airs and grimaces of musicians. From this, perhaps, she passed to the cat concert, and imitated the purring of poor puss, in the most droll and ludicrous manner, always taking care to add appropriate half comic, half sentimental words, which she invented for the occasion; or else, spitting like a cat in a passion, with her back up, she suddenly boxed the first person in her way, making up her hand into a paw, and mewing so outrageously, that instead of the great Catherine, nothing but the wrongs of a grimalkin remained upon one's mind."

The halcyon days of this sprightly intercourse were soon darkened, by the intervention of the Orloffs. The Great Catherine was to act grimalkin, for none less personally favoured than themselves!—and the upright downright Princess, abased at the coronation of the Empress, "to a place among those of the very lowest rank admitted into the cathedral during the ceremony," was allowed to pass away from court, and to endure the early trials of widowhood and entangled fortunes, without any extraordinary marks of favour and protection on the part of her Imperial Mistress. Neither neglect, nor poverty, nor widowhood, however, could tame her spirits, as the following incident of travel, which took place early in her European tour, whimsically illustrates:—

"At Dantzig, where we were to remain a couple of nights, we lodged at the Russian hotel, the most considerable in the place. On being shown into the large eating-room, I was struck with two pictures, the subjects of which were battles lost by the Russian troops, who were represented in groups of dead and dying, or on their knees, supplicating mercy of the victorious Prussians. I was so scandalized at the figure my countrymen here made, in the sight of travellers of all nations who frequented this hotel, that I seriously set about upbraiding M. Rebender, our chargé d'affaires, for allowing such an abominable monument of our disgrace to exist. He gravely replied that it was quite out of his province to repress grievances of such a nature; 'but, Madam,' said he, 'you are not the only one whom these battles have offended: Alexis Orloff, when he passed through Dantzig some time ago, was at this same hotel, and was no less indignant at the pictures than yourself.' —'Why did he not, then, buy them,' said I, 'at any price, and throw them into the fire? Were I a twentieth part as rich, I would do so in a moment; but, as that is not the case, I must have recourse to a plan which will, perhaps, answer as well.' As soon as our resident left us, I commissioned two gentlemen, MM. Wolchhoff and Schtellin,—both belonging to our embassy at Berlin, whither they afterwards accompanied us,—to buy me some oil colours, blue, green, red, and white; and as soon as supper was over, and we had well barricaded the doors, these gentlemen, who knew how to handle a pencil, assisted me in regaining these lost battles, by changing the blue and white of the conquering Prussians into the green and red uniforms of our Russian heroes. It cost us the whole night to achieve this twofold victory; and it must have occasioned no little surprise and curiosity among the good people of the house, to find that three of our party were thus locked up together, and their dull room, hitherto the refuse of the yawning traveller, lighted up all night, and suddenly become the theatre of some mysterious mirth. For my part, the idea so enchanted me, that I was like a truant child, both fearful and triumphant at the frolic. The next day, I had my trunks unpacked in this same field of battle, as the only excuse I could offer for keeping every one out of it but those of our party and the two companions of my prowess."

In foreign courts, the Princess was received with a consideration denied to her at her own: at Paris, as indeed her early studies merited, she was presently naturalized among the philosophers and the *beaux esprits*. Diderot adored her, and seems to have constituted himself her Lord

Chamberlain, shutting out from her *salon* that La Rhuilière, who so vilely calumniated her in his *Memoirs* of the Russian Revolution, and taking upon himself to prevent her being made a lion of in Madame Geoffrin's set. Voltaire, too, who managed to conceal serious illness in order to receive her, welcomed her "by raising up his arm in a theatrical manner, and with a tone of astonishment exclaiming, 'What is this I hear? Even her very voice is the voice of an Angel.'" Her reception in the Scottish metropolis, where her son was placed under the superintendence of Robertson, the historian, and in Ireland, was scarcely less flattering. All this time, by researches in art and science, she was unconsciously—as Shortreed wrote of Scott, "makin'" herself, for the post of Directress to the Russian Academy, which she was destined to fill on her return to her own country. Ere, however, this return took place, the Orloffs were out of favour; and upon her casually meeting Prince Orloff unexpectedly at Brussels, on her return to the continent, the discarded favourite seriously annoyed her, by professing friendship towards her, and by coarsely offering his good offices, in case the handsome young Prince Daschkaw should be disposed to build up his fortunes after his own fashion. Passing her continental adventures, we reach Russia, again, that we may exhibit the Princess in a new light as Principal of the Academy, to which she had been nominated, in spite of her own violent resistance, by Catherine,—who was now once again her munificent friend and patroness, and once again (see the second volume of this work) writing to her notes, the frank and intimate unreserve of which has but its parallel in the celebrated Morley and Freeman Correspondence. It has been again and again said by "the sex," that woman's tact is sufficient for the conduct of any affairs, be they ever so foreign to her habits or experience, be the call upon it but peremptory enough. Certain it is, that no man called upon to legislate for a troop of ladies of the bedchamber would have acted with so much propriety, clear-sightedness, and absence of display, as the Princess seems to have done, if her own account is to be relied upon:—

"The third day after my nomination, which was a Sunday, I received a visit from the professors, the inspectors, and other officers of the academy. I told them it was my intention to go next day to the academy; and I begged them to understand, that on all occasions, whenever they might wish to confer with me on matters of business, they had full permission to enter my house without ceremony. The whole of that evening I was occupied in reading the several reports which had been presented. * * I made myself acquainted also with the names of the most distinguished members of the academy, and the next morning, before I went thither, I paid a visit to the celebrated Euler, who had known me for many years, and had always treated me with kindness and consideration. In disgust with the conduct of Domashneff, he had ceased all attendance at the academy, except when opportunities offered of counteracting, in concert with others, the ruinous effects of the late director's proceedings, which he had more than once represented by letter to the empress. This learned person was, without question, one of the first mathematicians of the age. He was, besides, well versed in every branch of science, and such was his vigour of mind and habitual industry, that even after he had lost his sight he did not at all abate of his intellectual labours; but with the aid of Mr. Fuss, the husband of his granddaughter, who read to him, and wrote as he dictated, he prepared a variety of materials, which served to enrich the publications of the academy for several years after his death. I begged of him to accompany me that morning, that on my first appearance at the head of a scientific body I might have the advantage and sanction of his attendance, which, if inconvenient or irksome to him, I promised never to ask on ordinary occasions. He appeared flattered at my request,

and allowed himself to be conducted to my carriage by his son, the perpetual secretary of the academic sittings, whom I also invited, as well as his grandson, who had the task of leading the illustrious blind. —As soon as I entered the hall of their sittings, addressing the professors and members there assembled, I lamented my own deficiency in scientific attainments, but spoke of the high respect I entertained for science, of which M. Euler's presence amongst them, whose auspices I had solicited in conducting me to the academy, would, I hoped, be received as the most solemn pledge I could offer. After having delivered these few words, I took my seat, and remarked that M. Schteline, Professor of Allegory, as he was called, had taken his place next to the director's chair. This gentleman, whose pretensions to science might, perhaps, be suited to the designation he bore, gained this extraordinary title and appointment in the time of Peter the Third, and with it the rank of councillor of state, which, answering to that of major-general, gave him, as he thought, a claim to the highest distinction amongst the members of the academy. Turning, therefore, to M. Euler, 'Sit down, Sir,' I said, 'wherever you please; and whatever seat you may happen to take, that seat must consequently be deemed the highest.' * * From the hall of assembly, I passed on into the chancery, where a registry is kept of everything relative to the pecuniary and economical concerns of the establishment. * * The Commentaries which had formerly been published by the academy, in two volumes quarto, yearly, had dwindled down into one, and were now discontinued altogether, for want of the requisite types. The printing-office and presses I found in the utmost disorder, and in want of everything to make the latter effective. It was one of my first cares to have them completely repaired, and to have such types provided as were fit and appropriate; and it was not long before two volumes of Commentaries were again issued from the academy, compiled, for the most part, from articles which had been furnished by M. Euler. * *

"The academy was in debt to the different booksellers of Russia, France, and Holland; but as I did not choose to ask her majesty for an extraordinary supply to answer these demands, I had recourse to the expedient of offering those books to sale which were issued from the academic press, at thirty per cent. lower than the established prices. From this source, I had soon the means of paying these debts; and, as the supply afterwards increased, I appropriated a sufficient sum to make good the arrears of the government fund, which was placed in the hands of the treasurer of state, the afore-mentioned Prince Viazemsky. The sums of money thus accruing in ordinary cases, would have served to enrich the economic fund, which is entirely under the controul of the director, as means of his own creation, and is usually employed in disbursements of which the necessity was not foreseen, and consequently not provided for in the original charter; such as in occasional gratuities, in purchases of new inventions, and in supplying the deficiencies of the other fund, even for prescribed purposes, which the increased price of every commodity might sometimes occasion. I found but seventeen students in the schools, and but twenty-one young artisans educated at the expense of the academy. The numbers of both these I increased, the former to fifty, and the latter to forty. I had the satisfaction of retaining M. Fuss, (the young man whom I have mentioned, grandson to M. Euler, who wished to leave the academy,) and of increasing his salary, as well as that of M. George, another very deserving person. In a little more than a year, I had the power of raising the stipends of all the professors, and also of establishing three new courses of lectures in mathematics, geometry, and natural history, which were delivered gratuitously to all who chose to attend them, by a native professor, in our own language. I often attended them myself, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the sons of some of the poorer nobles, as well as many of the junior officers of the guards, derived much benefit from the institution. The remuneration paid to each of the professors, at the end of each course, was two hundred roubles, out of the economic fund. * *

"To sum up all that need be said on the subject of the Russian Academy, I may be allowed to state the following particulars—viz. in the first place, that

with three years' arrears of her majesty's bounty, originally granted for the translation of the classics, which had not been paid to M. Domashneff—that is to say, with fifteen thousand roubles, in addition to what sums I could spare from the economic fund—I built two houses in the court of the house given by the empress for the academy, which added a rent of 1950 roubles to its revenue; I furnished the house of the academy, and by degrees furnished a very considerable library, having, in the meantime, lent my own for its use; I left 49,000 roubles as a fund, placed in the Foundling Hospital; I began, finished, and published a dictionary; and all this I had accomplished at the end of eleven years. I say nothing of the new building for the academy, the elevation of which has been so much admired, executed, indeed, under my directions, but at the expense of the crown, and therefore not to be enumerated among those labours which were more especially my own. Besides, had it been, strictly speaking, a work of mine, I could never have considered it as one of my labours; for with so decided a taste, or rather passion, as I had for architecture, such a work would have formed one of my highest gratifications."

Thus much of Princess Daschkaw on her own showing; the truth of the picture being largely warranted by the correspondence from distinguished personages, printed in the second volume. Of the outward woman there are two portraits: the one of the magnificent court-lady, the other of the *esprit fort*, in her exile—a third written picture is given from the writings of M. Diderot: but the fourth seems to us the best—it is from the amusing and graphic correspondence of Miss Wilmot; the "sister *Kaïety*" (according to the Princess) of the Editress:—

"I wish you were to see the princess go out to take a walk, or rather to look over her subjects. An old brown great coat, and a silk handkerchief about her neck worn to rags, is her dress; and well it may be worn to rags, for she has worn it eighteen years, and will continue to wear it as long as she lives, because it belonged to her friend Mrs. Hamilton. There is an originality in her appearance, in her manner of speaking, in her doing every description of thing, which distinguishes her from every creature I ever knew or heard of. She helps the masons to build walls, she assists with her own hands in making the roads, she feeds the cows, she composes music, she writes for the press; she talks out loud in the church, and corrects the priest if he is not devout; she talks out loud at her little theatre, and puts in the performers when they are out in their parts; she is a doctor, an apothecary, a surgeon, a farrier, a carpenter, a magistrate, a lawyer; in short, she daily practises every species of incongruity; corresponds with her brother, who holds the first post in the empire; with authors, with philosophers, with Jews, with poets, with her son, with all her relatives; and yet appears as if she had her time a burden on her hands. She gives me continually the idea of her being a fairy; and I protest it is not jokingly that I say so, for the impression never quits me for a moment. There is a marvellous contradiction, too, in her speaking like a child, in her broken English, and with her unaccountable expressions, unconscious, as she seems, whether she is speaking French, English, or Russian, mingling them in every sentence. She speaks German and Italian equally well; but her pronunciation is not clear, which takes from the pleasure I have in her conversation."

Time and space forbid further extract from this latter portion of the book. "Sister *Kaïety's*" journals, however, though overlaid with smartness, and attempts at fine writing, are too clever and entertaining not to deserve hearty recommendation to all who are likely to be interested in details of Russian life, scenery, and manners.

Ephraim Holding's Domestic Addresses, Friendly Remarks, and Scraps of Experience. Tegg.

THERE is so much honest intention in the design of this little book, and so much benevolence of disposition manifested in its execution, that it is with hesitation and reluctance we forbear from giving it unqualified praise. The morality of

the work is, for the most part, sound and wholesome; and the ingenuity with which the most trivial actions of daily life are made texts for "improvement" concerning its more serious duties, is very praiseworthy. Not only does it afford the author an opportunity for fixing the attention of the thoughtful, by a train of permanent associations, upon certain great points of prudence and duty, but it enables him to promote, in his reader's mind, a suggestive tendency, which, if it were only rendered habitual, would be of unspeakable benefit.

It will be at once perceived that a work so constructed must be addressed to imperfectly cultivated intellects; and it is, in fact, especially adapted to an operative circulation: but, to the class of operatives, the habit of speculating on moral conduct, and investigating the tendency of actions, is a great desideratum. It is in connexion with this utility, that we are compelled to "hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;" and we are the more reluctant, because it is difficult to express our exact meaning, so as to prevent mistake.

The defect in the execution, if not in the plan itself, of the work, is the too exclusive adoption of religious illustrations. We concede to the author that religion is a necessary basis of morality; and that of all motives, the religious motive is the most important and enduring; but we contend, that as our hopes of future immortality repose on our sublimity love of life, so our respect for the motives derived from a future existence arises out of a general habit of subordinating the present to the future in the affairs of this world. The Christian dispensation, in assigning six days to labour, and limiting the public pursuit of spiritual ends to one, has pointed, in the plainest manner, to the importance of secular knowledge as an element of general instruction. The public likewise has obtained recently some very decisive practical proof of the utter impossibility of enlightening those minds as to spiritual matters, which are totally divested of secular instruction. Honest Ephraim himself is aware of this truth, for his volume is not wholly one-sided. On the contrary, the natural shrewdness of his mind tends directly to worldly wisdom. But we still think that his little volume would have been more influential, if it had dwelt more on the practical daily benefits of virtue and order, and had depended more closely upon human sympathies for its impelling forces. This may indeed be, to some degree, a matter of taste; but it is exactly on that account that we insist on our own opinion. Notwithstanding the excitement of the public on religious subjects, it is improbable that the masses are so much imbued with a really religious spirit, as to give permanent attention to ultra-mundane considerations; and on that account we prefer the old-fashioned method of reserving religious instruction for its own occasions, and keeping secular matters for separate teaching—as well in books as in institutions. We are of opinion that the opposite method tends to beget weariness and disgust for all instruction; and we are sure that it does not contribute to exalt the popular reverence for things worthy of awful regard. We should wish, therefore, that a mind so capable of conveying truth in a simple and intelligible form, had addressed itself to a less sectarian circle. An example will best explain our meaning; and we have chosen one which embraces Ephraim's characteristic excellences, as well as a spice of what we think his excessive spiritualism. It is part of a reading on the text of "a rap at the door":—

"There are many raps at the door that give us neither joy nor sorrow: the baker may call with his bread, the butcher with his meat, and the pot-boy may bring us our porter; these things affect us not; we are so much accustomed to the common blessings

of the day, that they excite no emotion in our minds; we expect them as things of course. How wonderful is the forbearance and continual goodness of our heavenly Father towards the ungrateful receivers of his bounty! But when we see the landlord coming for his rent, or the tax-gatherer with his big ugly green book, at a time when it is not convenient to pay him, let him rap at the door in whatever way he will, his rap is out of tune; we had rather hear the sound of a hurdy-gurdy. If you have ever seen a hamper from the country pulled out of the van opposite your door, or expected a welcome letter from a friend, the single rap of the carrier, or the double rap of the postman, has been anything but disagreeable to you. So that, as I said before, we are differently affected by the same thing, under different circumstances; what at one time affords us pleasure, at another time gives us pain. Did it never occur to you, that a rap at the door is the monotonous herald that announces to us the arrival of, at least, one-half of our daily comforts, and that ushers into our presence the greater part of the joys and sorrows that chequer our fleeting lives? Our food and raiment, the coals that warm us, and the medicines that restore us; the good news, and the evil tidings that reach us by newspaper, periodical, parcel and letter, are all preceded by a rap at the door. The direst foe that afflicts us with his presence, and the dearest friend that delights us with his society, sounds in our ears the same note of preparation. Seeing then, that the rap at the door has so much to do with our affairs, it must needs be a great comfort to hear it without alarm, and a great trouble when it strikes us with consternation. He who trembles at a rap at the door need have no other trouble. * * It seems to me that some advantage may be gained, if we consider every bodily affliction, and every mental trial, as a rap at the door; for assuredly this is the case, whether we consider it so or not. Yes; every tooth-ache, ear-ache, head-ache, and heart-ache we endure, is a rap at the door; and whether it be a gentle tap, or a loud rattle, it is meant as a warning: it either whispers 'Be ready!' or cries out 'Prepare!' Have you had many raps of this kind, and have they been loud ones? have a care, then, that they are not disregarded. Think not that because some of your afflictions have rapped and run away, that they will always do so, for this will not be the case. * * There are other raps at the door, too, that we shall do well to attend to; and these are the afflictions and bereavements of our friends. Their visitations should not be lost upon us. How it may have been with you, I know not, but I have had some sharp raps in the course of the last year. Many of the friends that were most dear to me in this world have been beckoned away to a better, and rap has succeeded rap so unexpectedly, that my old friends are getting scarce. I often fancy the few that are left, standing like old Father Time, with hour-glasses in their hands, and wings on their shoulders. Perhaps what I have said may set you thinking on these subjects. A rap at the door is so frequent an occurrence, that if we can make it useful, it will be a daily and an hourly advantage. The rap of unkindness, injustice, crosses, losses, poverty, sickness, disease, and pain may be hard to bear, but there is One who can make it easy. 'He is a very present help in all times of trouble,' and He is easy to be intreated, long suffering, and abundant in compassion and grace. Mistrust then yourself, and trust unreservedly in Him and His mercy, that you may be strengthened in the hour of need, and that, when you hear the resounding rap of the King of Terrors, you may welcome him with a smile, and say, 'God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave for he shall receive me.' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.'"

The reader will observe that we do not object to some of the passages here quoted, that they are mal-apropos, or indeed *per se* disproportionate and excessive; but he will scarcely fail to perceive, that, even as an extract, there is a full measure of religious topics, and a neglect or abandonment of secular suggestions of great moral value; and if it be borne in mind that this is the general character of the work, we trust that our criticism will not be thought uncalled for.

The following, however, has our unequivocal approbation:—

"How ill do pride and bitterness accord with Christianity! I have just been reading the pamphlet of a church clergyman, directed against Dissenters. The writer is young, hasty, intolerant, ill informed, and not over scrupulous in his life and conversation; yet, if he were St. Paul himself, he would not be authorized to pour out more unsparingly the vials of his holy indignation on the heads of those he affects to despise: he breathes persecution in the place of godly reproof, and blows the clarion of contention, rather than proclaims the gospel of peace. I have also before me the pamphlet of a Dissenter, directed against Churchmen; and, if the writer had tried to equal or outdo the clergyman already alluded to, in the neglect of argument and Christian love, and the indulgence of sarcasm, bitterness, and personality, he scarcely could have been more successful. This work is a barbed and poisoned arrow—a hand grenade, thrown into the camp of an enemy, to promote confusion and mischief, rather than a Christian-hearted message, and brotherly appeal, to soften, to heal, to reprove, to convince, and to persuade. The sentiment expressed by these two writers, towards those whom they address, amounts only to this:—'I am a wise man, and you are fools.' How little is such a sentiment calculated to do good!"

"You may talk to me from peep of day to the midnight hour, about spirit and patriotism, and nationality; but experience has taught me that an idle fellow is more likely to be caught by the gold jingling in the purse of a marine officer, and a country clown by the feather in the cap and the stripes on the arm of a sergeant, than by the desire to be shot at, at the rate of thirteen-pence half-penny a day, for the good of his country. The warriors of the world must not look to Ephraim Holding for congratulation and praise; on the contrary, he is more disposed to ask them, if no love of ease, of good pay, and of military reputation, mingled with their patriotism, on entering the army? and if, when they talk of having 'served their country,' they are quite sure their object has not been to serve themselves? When War is clothed in scarlet, with a cocked hat on his head, and a pair of golden epaulets on his shoulders; when he rides a fine charger, and prances along to the blast of the bugle, the roll of the drum, the clash of the cymbal, and the flourish of the trumpet, with a banner of victory waving over him, no wonder that hundreds should gape and stare, and volunteer to follow him, in the hope of one day cutting a figure themselves. But, if the poor simpletons would only look at the other side of the question—if they would see War in the character of an old soldier, lying on the cold ground, with a bayonet through his back, it might, in some degree, damp their military ardour."

The next extract regards a lighter matter, and with that we must conclude:—

"If there be any one mannerism that is universal among mankind, it is that of colouring too highly the things we describe. We cannot be content with a simple relation of truth—we must exaggerate; we must overdraw; we must have 'a little too much red in the brush.' Who ever heard of a dark night that was not 'pitch dark'? or of a stout man that was not 'strong as a horse'? or of a miry road that was not 'up to the knees'? I would walk 'fifty miles on foot' to see that man who never caricatures the subject on which he speaks; but where is such a one to be found? From 'rosy morn to dewy eve,' in our common conversation, we are constantly outraging the truth. If somewhat wakeful in the night, we have 'scarcely had a wink of sleep'; if our sleeves get a little damp in a shower, we are 'as wet as if dragged through a brook'; if a breeze blow up while we are in the 'chops of the channel,' the waves are sure to 'run mountains high'; and if a man grow rich, we all say that 'he rolls in money.' No later than yesterday, a friend of mine, who would shrink from a wilful misrepresentation, told me hastily, as he passed, that the newspaper had 'nothing in it but advertisements,' and that he had just sent off, by the Shrewsbury coach, a codfish as 'big as a jackass.' * * This habit of decoration in describing common things, most likely proceeds from that love of the marvellous which most of mankind entertain. We wish to affect the minds of others; what is the use

of telling a tale that will excite no wonder? of making a complaint that calls forth no sympathy? or of representing a deed of injustice that will rouse no indignation? We wish to make our picture striking; and thus, like the painter, are induced to put 'a little too much colour in the brush.' But if it be thus in things little affecting us, still more is it the case where interest is concerned. In such cases, the most unblushing misrepresentations are made. Every newspaper has its 'Bargains,' its 'Great Savings,' and its 'Immense Sacrifices.' 'Fish all alive,' is not too strong a term for the unbearably tainted, scaly fry, offered for sale. The Irish cloth of the mercer is 'fine as cambric,' the stale meat of the butcher 'sweet as a nut,' and the cheesemonger's hard, tough, lean cheese, 'as fat as butter.' These are general remarks; how far do they affect you? To this inquiry may be added another—How far do they affect Ephraim Holding? I am sadly afraid that we both are culpable. Not that I plead guilty myself, or tax you with wilful misrepresentation, for the purpose of forwarding any individual interest; but that I feel that we are both amenable to the charge of speaking lightly and thoughtlessly—that we both, by putting occasionally, 'a little too much red in the brush,' leave impressions not warranted by the facts we relate."

Is there not, reader, something racy and sound-hearted in old Ephraim's moralizings?

Lights and Shades of Military Life. Edited by Major-General Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B. 2 vols. Colburn.

To whom is the value of a single word, omitted or committed, better known, than to the concocter of a title-page? Why not have called the book before us '*Lights and Shades of French Military Life*?'—for such exclusively are its contents; and the seal of nationality impressed upon every page would, we think, if given also to its announcement, have attracted, rather than repelled "the pensive public." At least, as regards ourselves—being wholly satiated with English tales of Peninsular and East Indian warfare, of the Russian campaign, and the Battle of the Pyramids,—we were agreeably surprised—no disrespect to Major-General Napier—on passing the title-page, to find, that one-half of these '*Lights and Shades*' consists of a translation of Count Alfred de Vigny's '*Servitude et Grandeur Militaire*,' executed by M. Shoberl, the other moiety being "taken from a publication by M. Elzéar Blaze," with which we are less familiar; and the Editor only supplying a few pages of notes, which are rather technical than literary, and, as such, come in somewhat heterogeneously by way of close to volumes, the merit of which is literary, rather than technical.

Whatever proceeds from the pen of Count Alfred de Vigny is entitled to respect and credence. Throughout his literary career, M. de Vigny has always held himself, and been held, distinct from those unceremonious but clever manufacturers, who give an ephemeral and a tinsel glitter to the French memoir and romance and drama of the hour. Almost as needless is it to remark, at this time of day, that his sincerity is, in some measure, attested by a certain monotony of sentiment entirely individual, which pervades his writings. Though they cannot be denounced as morbid, they are uniformly too melancholy and sorrowful—as some contemporary critic has said of them—"a complaint." To his simple and heart-moving tragedy of Chatterton might have been well affixed for epigraph, those two lines of Shelley's, so often quoted—

O, lift me, as a wave, a leaf, a cloud,
I pant upon the thorns of life, I bleed.

The '*Servitude et Grandeur Militaire*' might, in like manner, be heralded by the well-worn '*Implora pace*' of the Italian tombstone; for the soldier in its pages is the Pariah, the victim

of harsh unnatural systems, for whose wrongs against society our author, though gentle-hearted, anything but feeble-handed, would engage the sympathy and pity of mankind. So much for the spirit of Count Alfred de Vigny's works: in their execution, individuality and sincerity are also evident, with a greater vivacity and variety of colour. The fidelity of his descriptions of French life and French personages, which are somewhat superficially cavilled at by Major-General Napier, is warranted by the fineness of appreciation he brings to the comprehension of that character, of all others the most mysterious to a Frenchman, namely, an Englishman:—see the full-length portrait of Admiral Lord Collingwood, in Capt. Renaud's story.

Those who have not read Count de Vigny's works in the original, will accept these notices as *symphonizing*—to borrow the musician's phrase—a set of tales which, when once taken up, cannot but rivet their attention. The first is '*Laurette*,' or '*Le Cachet Rouge*'—a story picked up by the author during his military career, when travelling the long high-road to Artois and Flanders in 1815—"a road without a tree, without a house intersecting the plain to the horizon, like a long yellow stripe on a grey carpet"—on this road the Count de Vigny overtook, in the midst of a dreary, soaking shower, a veteran leading a little mule-cart. The scene is as well prepared for a sad story, as the blasted heath, with its solitary tree, in '*Pelham*,' for the murder there committed. And a sad story is that of the Red Seal. The old soldier had not been always in the army; he had commanded a frigate, which was ordered, on the 28th of Fructidor, 1797, to sail for Cayenne, and which was to carry out sixty soldiers, one person sentenced to transportation, and a letter, containing orders from the Directory, sealed with red seals, not to be opened till the frigate crossed the Line. A glimpse or two at the principal characters will happily illustrate Count de Vigny's grace and tenderness in description:—

"We had a fine north-north-west wind, and I was just engaged in putting that letter under the glass of my clock, when my prisoner entered my cabin, leading by the hand a charming creature of seventeen. He told me that he was himself nineteen—a handsome lad, though rather pale, and too fair for a man. He was a man for all that, and a man who behaved himself on the occasion much better than many older ones would have done, as you shall hear. Well, his pretty wife was hanging upon his arm; she was fresh and frolicsome as a child. They looked, for all the world, like a pair of turtle-doves. So I said to them: 'Well, children, you are come to pay a visit to the old captain; 'tis very kind of you. I am carrying you a great way; but so much the better, we shall have time to get acquainted. I am sorry to receive the lady without my coat; but I was just going to nail this great lubberly letter up yonder. Perhaps you will help me a little.' The good creatures actually set about it directly. The husband held the hammer and the wife the nails, and handed them to me as I asked for them; and she said, laughing the while, 'To the right—to the left—captain!' according to the motion given to my clock by the lurching of the ship. I fancy I hear her still with her sweet voice: 'To the left—to the right—captain!' She was making game of me. 'Ah,' said I, 'you little rogue, I'll set your husband to scold you; see if I don't. And then she jumped up to his neck, and kissed him. Indeed, they were good creatures, and that was the way our acquaintance began. We were at once the best of friends. * *

"We were then off the Cape de Verd Islands. The Marat was running with the wind astern, at the rate of ten knots, without distressing herself. The night was the finest I ever saw in my life near the tropics. The moon was rising above the horizon, as large as a sun; the sea cut her in two, and became quite white, like a sheet of snow, sprinkled with

little diamonds. I watched it, seated on my bench, smoking my pipe. The officer of the watch and the seamen said nothing, and looked like me at the shadow of the brig on the water. I was glad that I did not hear anything. I am fond of silence and order, for my part. I had forbidden all noise and all fires. I perceived, however, a small red line, nearly under my feet. I should have flown into a passion directly, but, as it was in the cabin of my young prisoners, I determined to ascertain what they were about before I got angry. I had but the trouble of stooping down, when I could see through a large crevice into the little cabin. The young woman was on her knees, saying her prayers. There was a little lamp, which lighted the place. She was stripped to her chemise; I could see her bare shoulders, her little naked feet, and her long loose fair hair. I would have drawn back; but I said to myself, 'Pooh! an old soldier! what does it signify?' and I kept looking on. Her husband was sitting on a little trunk, his head resting upon his hand, looking at her praying. She lifted up her face, as if to Heaven, and I saw her large blue eyes swimming in tears, like those of a Magdalen. While she was praying, he laid hold of the end of her long hair, and kissed it, without making any noise. When she had finished, she made the sign of the cross, and smiled so sweetly, as if she were going to paradise. I observed that he too made the sign of the cross, but as if he were ashamed of it. In fact, it is singular for a man. She rose upon her feet, kissed him, and stretched herself first in the hammock, into which he lifted her, without speaking, as one would put a child into a swing. The heat was suffocating: she seemed pleased to be rocked by the motion of the ship, and appeared to be just dropping to sleep. Her small white feet were crossed and raised to the level of her head; and her whole body covered with her white chemise.—'My dear,' said she, half asleep, 'are you not coming? It is very late, you know.' He still continued, his brow resting on his hands, without replying. She began to be rather uneasy—the poor young creature! and, putting her head out of the hammock, like a bird out of its nest, she looked at him with mouth half-open, not daring to speak. At length he said to her: 'Ah, my dear Laura, the nearer we approach to America, the sadder I grow, and I cannot help it. It appears to me, I cannot tell why, that the time spent in this voyage will be the happiest part of our lives.'—'So it seems to me, too,' said she. I should like never to get there."

It is needless to warn any novel reader that a story thus progressing cannot come to good: but what that letter with the red seals contained, or what was hid in that veteran's mule-cart, we will not grieve them by telling,—preferring to show them with what skill the Count exhibits the personages of French history, in a sprightlier scene. This belongs to the loves of '*Mathurin and Pierrette*.' '*Pierrette*, it must be premised, was a pretty *pay-sanne* of Montreuil, whose innocent looks and piquant toilette had pleased the ill-starred but gracious Marie Antoinette; and Mathurin, a peasant lad, trained by the Curé for a musician, who, to make himself worthy of a damsel honoured by royal notice, took to soldiership—both boy and girl being too proud to marry till they had earned for themselves sufficient to live respectably. Sedaine, too, the librettist of Gretry's delicious operas, had also begun life in the humble capacity of a stone-cutter at Montreuil. So much to explain the following pretty scene:—

"My little Pierrette was a pretty girl, of a decided character, but calm and firm. She was not very easily disconcerted, and, ever since she had talked to the Queen, it was a difficult matter to make her learn her lessons; she had no hesitation to tell Monsieur le Curé and her mother that she meant to be married to Mathurin, and she would get up at night to make things for the wedding, just as if I had not been turned out of doors for a long time, if not for my whole life. One day, it was Easter Monday—poor Pierrette always remembered that, and she often told me the story—one day, then, as she was sitting at Monsieur le Curé's door, working and

singing as if nothing was the matter, she saw a beautiful carriage coming at a great rate along the avenue. It was drawn by six horses, two of which were ridden by two little postillions, powdered, and in pink jackets, very handsome, and so small that at a distance nothing could be seen of them but their great jack-boots. They had large nosebags at their bosoms; and the horses, too, had large nosebags at their ears. Sure enough, the outrider, who scampered before the horses, stopped right before Monsieur le Curé's door; where a moment afterwards, the carriage too thought fit to draw up, and the door was thrown wide open. There was nobody in it. Pierrette was staring at it with all her eyes, when the outrider, taking off his hat very politely, requested her to have the goodness to step into the carriage. Do you imagine that Pierrette made any ceremony? Not she, indeed; she had too much good sense for that. She merely took off her wooden shoes, which she left on the step at the door, put on her leather shoes with silver buckles, neatly folded up her work, and got into the carriage, leaning upon the arm of the footman, as if she had never done anything else in her life; because, since she had changed dresses with the Queen, she was afraid of nothing. She often told me, though, that she got two great frights in the carriage: the first, because it went so quick that the trees in the avenue of Montreuil seemed to run like mad one after the other; and the second, because she thought, by sitting on the white cushions in the carriage, her blue and yellow petticoat would leave marks of its colours upon them. She therefore pulled it through her pocket-holes, and kept just on the edge of the cushion, feeling no sort of anxiety about what was to happen, and rightly guessing that, under such circumstances, it is best to do what one is desired frankly and without hesitation. Agreeably to this just feeling of her situation, imparted by a happy, kindly disposition, inclining in everything to what was right and true, she cheerfully took the arm of the outrider, and suffered him to conduct her to Trianon, into the gilded apartments; where, however, she was careful to step on her toes, to spare the floors of citron and India woods, which she was afraid of scratching with the nails. When she reached the last apartment, she heard a joyous laugh of two very sweet voices, which daunted her a little, and set her heart a-throbbing with violence; but, on entering, she recovered herself immediately: it was only her friend, the Queen. Madame de Lamballe was with her, but seated in the embrasure of a window, and having the materials for miniature painting before her. On the green cloth that covered her table lay a piece of ivory, ready prepared; close to the ivory lay brushes, and near the brushes stood a glass of water. 'Ah, there she is!' said the Queen, with a holiday look; and she ran and laid hold of both her hands. 'What a colour she has! and how handsome she is! What a pretty model she will make for you! Come, Madame de Lamballe, do your best.... Sit down here, my dear.' And the beautiful Marie Antoinette made her sit down in a chair. Pierrette was quite thunderstruck, and her chair was so high that her little legs did not reach the floor, but dangled to and fro. 'Only see how well she behaves!' continued the Queen: 'she does not need telling twice to do what you wish; I would lay a wager that she is clever. Sit upright, my dear, and mind what I am going to say. Two gentlemen will be here presently. Whether thou knowest them or not, that does not signify, and must not make any difference to thee. Thou wilt do all that they tell thee to do. I know that thou canst sing, so thou wilt sing. When they tell thee to come in, to go out, to walk this way or that, thou wilt come in, go out, walk to and fro, exactly as they bid thee; dost thou comprehend? All this will be for thy good. This lady and I will help to teach thee something that I thoroughly understand; and, for our pains, we will only ask thee to sit an hour every day to her—that will not be too hard for thee, will it?' Pierrette made no reply but by changing colour at every word; but she was so pleased that she would have liked to kiss the dear Queen, as though she had been her playfellow. While she was thus sitting, with her eyes turned towards the door, she saw two men come in; one was fat, and the other tall. The moment she saw the tall one, she could not help crying out, 'Why, that is....' but she bit her finger to stop her mouth.

'Well, what think you of her, gentlemen?' said the Queen. 'Am I wrong?' 'Is it not Rose herself?' said Sedaine. 'A single note, Madam,' said the lusty gentleman, 'and I shall know whether it is Monsigny's Rose as well as Sedaine's.' 'Come, my dear, repeat these notes,' added Gretry, singing *ut, ré, mi, fa, sol*. Pierrette repeated them. 'She has a divine voice, Madam,' said he. The Queen clapped her hands and leaped for joy. 'She will earn her dowry!' said she."

If we would not unfold the tragedy of the Red Seal, neither will we forestall the reader's pleasure in the genteel comedy, which will tell him how Pierrette won her dowry.

We may possibly return to these 'Lights and Shades'—but if so, not again to draw upon the romances which M. de Vigny tells us so well, but to gather a few from among the anecdotes contained in the second and sprightlier volume—the work of M. de Blaze.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Jack Ashore, by the author of 'Rattlin the Reefer,' 3 vols.—The invention of this novel, which is one of the author's best, is very simple; an objectionable excessiveness, being the long yarn about the figure head of the Old Glory, mysteriously abstracted at the outset of the first volume; said yarn being as cumbersome and out of taste, as that mythological composition itself, whereby pious Admiral Gambroon was so severely scandalized. Mysteriously connected with the abstraction of this figure-head—or in plain English, having been on the watch, and drunk when the felony was committed—was one Jack, the man-of-war's-man; a sort of tarry Apollo Belvidere in his thews and sinews; at heart, simple, credulous, ignorant, but true as steel. Captain Firebrass, one of those marine Drawcansirs of the old school, who had the whole vocabulary of oaths at their tongues' ends, sentences honest Jack to be flogged as having connived at, if not absolutely taken part in, a theft which so nearly touches the Old Glory's honour. The execution is on the point of being consummated, when a crowd of boats puts from shore, one of which, just in time to stop the descent of the cat-o'-nine-tails, brings, not only Jack's discharge, but the yet more wondrous marvel of tidings of a missing heirship to an enormous fortune, having fallen upon his peculiarly broad, white shoulders, which so remarkably captivated Miss Scrivener, the dishonest attorney's daughter. The end (or rather the beginning) of all this is, that Jack goes ashore: and the scrapes of every shade of disaster, from the farcical to the seriously tragical, into which his inexperience plunges him, make up the remainder of the novel. 'A sweet little cherub,' in the shape of Susan Snowdrop, daughter of a bumboat woman, is kept in store for his final reward. He has however, first, to undergo a disgraceful marriage with a Portsmouth Poll, who has two husbands already—next, to be made the victim of a mercenary snare laid for his broad shoulders and broad acres, by the house of Scrivener aforesaid—thirdly, to get rid of his wife by her own infidelity, and of his extravagant propensities for grog, by a fit of insanity, (taking advantage of which the faithless wife shuts him up in a madhouse,) ere he is sufficiently purified and instructed to deserve the gentle and pretty Susan: she having all the while been shut up and schooling herself so as to be made a fit wife for a rich baronet. If the programme here sketched be calculated to tempt the reader, he will find its promise more than kept by Mr. Howard, who is by turns whimsical, powerful, and pathetic,—always with a strong dash of extravagance, and not always without a slight dash of coarseness.

Sketches of Young Couples; with six illustrations by Phiz.—Not one of the happiest specimens of a style of literature which, at best, is the idlest of all idle amusement. Books of this class, although exempt from the positive demerit of the works of the Newgate school, become, by their frequency, scarcely less injurious, through their tendency to unnerve the reader and impair his powers of attention to any literature that implies a continuous exertion of thought. In their actual multiplicity, they are doing for the purchasers of cheap reading what the Albums and Annuals have done for the upper classes—

producing a desultory and effeminate taste; and, to the extent of their influence, are unfitting the public for that effort at self-education, which, in the absence of an honest national system, is hourly becoming more necessary. We say this in no morose or ascetic spirit, being ourselves not only keen relishers of humour, but satisfied that, when genuine, its influence on the mind is wholesome and bracing. Genuine humour is not, however, a quality so superabundant as to render its iteration dangerous. But when book-sellers meet with a fast-going Hobby, they ride it without stint, till the town is inundated with *rifacimenti* and imitations. This is a serious drawback on the modern diffusions of literature, when the publication of trash becomes really more profitable than the enriching a nation with works of intellect and research; 'the trade' is not to be blamed if, like other trades, it follows the market. The author's profit on the higher species of literature is thus rendered too small to encourage production, and genius and talent are fairly driven from the field.

Indian Life: a Tale of the Carnatic, by Mrs. Colonel Hartley, 3 vols.—English life moves too rapidly to allow of leisure sufficient for the perusal of such books as 'Indian Life.' However our skill be rated, we are sure of our own industry as pioneers; and since,—after wading through a volume and a half without any clearer insight into the nature of the book, than that it contained much fine writing, a little mysticism, a few Indian names and notes, some bad English, and countless errors of the press, we were fain to stop, entirely beaten,—we cannot bid Mrs. Hartley hope that the circulating library public addressed by her, have the organ of perseverance in larger development.

The Religious Wars of France, by J. Duncan, M.A.—The late Mr. Smedley's History of the Reformation in France ought to have prevented the appearance of this volume. A new work on the subject was not wanting.

Swaine's Shield of Dissent.—The subjects and the arguments are equally wanting in novelty.

A Compendious Ecclesiastical History, by the Rev. W. Palmer.—A tasteless compilation from sectarian sources.

An Essay on Emulation.—A clever defence of emulation as a principle of education; and the author has done the state some service by its publication.

Nathanael of Cana, by the Rev. J. Powell.—A pious meditation on the brief account of Nathanael's interview with Jesus Christ.

The Educator, by W. Martin, No. 1 and 2.—This is a miscellany of verse and prose; the verse is often mere doggerel, and much of the prose mere twaddle.

Barlow's Tables.—This valuable work contains the squares, cubes, square roots, cube roots, and reciprocals of all integer numbers up to ten thousand. It has been printed under the superintendence of Prof. De Morgan, whose name is a sufficient voucher for its accuracy.

Moody's Eton Greek Grammar.—This is an improvement on the old Eton Grammar, but its merit is merely comparative.

List of New Books.—Crania Americana, by S. G. Morton, M.D. with 78 plates and a coloured map, 1 vol. folio, 6s. 6d. cl.—Memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly, 3 vols. 8vo. 30s. bds.—Adolphus's History of England during the Reign of George the Third, Vol. I. 8vo. 14s. cl.—Hansard's Book of Archery, with illustrations, royal 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—River's Rose Amateur's Guide, 2nd edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Sherwood's Indian Orphans, 8vo. 5s. cl.—Library of Useful Knowledge, "Natural Philosophy," Vol. IV. 8vo. 9s. 6d. cl.—Jones's American Exchange Tables, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Hakon Jarl, a Tragedy, from the Danish, and Poems, 8vo. 5s. cl.—Burke's Extinct Peerage of Great Britain and Ireland, crown 8vo. 20s. cl.—Amusements in High Life, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Playing about, or Theatrical Anecdotes and Adventures, by B. E. Hill, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. bds.—Woman and her Master, by Lady Morgan, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—The Subaltern, 4th edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Africa and her Children, by the Rev. T. Simson, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Kirkbride's Northern Angler, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Grundy's Drawing-Book of Shipping, oblong 4to. 9s. cl.—Cook's Law of Landlord and Tenant, royal 8vo. 12. 1s. bds.—Romanism in Ireland, by Dr. O'Sullivan, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The New Testament, translated from Griesbach, by S. Sharpe, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Memoir of the Rev. H. Mowes, from the German, 8vo. 4s. cl.—Illustrations of the Works of Mercy, by a Sister of the Order of Mercy, (Miss Agnew), oblong 4to. 20s. hf. bd.—Du Gue's French Pronouncing Dictionary, square, 6s. bds.—Le Bonheur des Enfants, oblong 4to. 7s. swd.—Carpenter's Hand-Book of Stenography, 18mo. 1s. cl.

MR. SPENCER ON ENGRAVING BY VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY.

Liverpool, April 14.

In last week's *Athenæum* you made some remarks respecting my invention of engraving by voltaic electricity. I need scarcely say I feel much gratified to know it is becoming generally useful, although I have had much more striking proofs of this than you seem to have yet seen. My object in now addressing you, is to lay before your readers some improvements I have recently made in the process, which, although apparently trifling in themselves, will be of immense importance in its future applicability. I am the more induced to do this through the medium of your Journal, as I have a greater number of correspondents requesting information on the subject than I can readily answer, and finding most, or all of them, are your readers, this may suffice.

In my pamphlet, published last September, I gave some directions how to construct the necessary apparatus. I then recommended plaster of Paris as a medium to separate the cells. Since that time I have tried many other porous substances; but find that brown paper far exceeds everything else I have hitherto used. The advantages derived from its use are, that it will allow a deposit to take place in one-half the time that would be occupied in depositing a metal thickness by the use of plaster of Paris—the metal deposited being of a very superior character; and the whole operation proceeds with a degree of regularity I have not experienced in the use of anything else. The paper I use is not the brown paper usually sold by stationers, but a thicker sort, manufactured, I apprehend, by the paper-makers to inclose their parcels in. I inclose you a piece of it.* I fasten it to the interior cell of the apparatus by melted pitch, or the common resinous cement used by philosophical instrument makers. The zinc in the interior cell should rest at $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch distance from the brown paper, and the plate to be deposited on should be kept at about $\frac{1}{8}$ th or $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch from the opposing paper surface in the exterior cell.

I also previously recommended a cement of which those portions of a plate *not* to be deposited on, were to have a coating; I now find, however, that common bees-wax, melted by heating the plate, entirely prevents deposition on those parts to which it is applied. Everything hitherto used by me allowed partial deposition to take place. If the solutions can be kept at a temperature of 80 or 90 Fahrenheit, the process is accelerated—this is much better than quickening it by the addition of the salt used to excite the positive cell.

A writer in the *Philosophical Magazine* recommends that the plates might be more conveniently suspended by being placed in the apparatus vertically. A little experience, however, will prove this to be a disadvantage; as, in such cases, the deposition at the lower end will greatly exceed that at the top, consequently rendering the plates very much thicker at one end than the other, which is to be avoided.

In a previous number of the same journal, Prof. Jacobi recommends that a galvanometer be always placed in connexion with the apparatus. This is sheer absurdity, tending needlessly to complicate, without affording the slightest clue to what is taking place in the cells—it pointing out the development of feeble quantity, not intensity; and the slightest variation in the size of the plates, or their distance from each other, would give contrary results.

I am now occupied in some experiments which may terminate in still greater improvements in the economical use of this principle. While I write I have before me a small electro-magnetic rotatory machine in rapid motion. In connexion with it there is a helix or coil of covered copper wire, consisting of two lengths, each 400 feet, the thicker one transmitting the primary current, the smaller the induced current. In connexion with one end of the primary wire I have placed a copper-plate to be copied—to the opposite end of the same wire I have connected a spiral of *copper wire*, which is immersed in a porous cell containing dilute sulphuric acid, with a few drops of nitric acid, the plate to be copied being immersed in sulphate of copper: the electric action

excited by this arrangement being sufficient to revolve the magnetic machine—while, at the same time, it is depositing pure copper on the plate to be copied, in one cell, and producing sulphate of copper by the dissolution of the copper wire in the other. To each end of the smaller wire transmitting the induced current, I have also attached a similar arrangement—viz. a plate to be copied, and a piece of spiral wire, in a pair of separate cells. This arrangement is also depositing copper on the plate to be copied. My object in this was to take advantage of the increased amount of electric action always acquired by transmitting the current through spiral coils, and also to avail myself of the induced current, which is always eliminated in an opposite direction to the primary. This latter current is generated at absolutely no expenditure of material. For the mere purpose of depositing copper, I might have used the helix without the rotatory magnet; but my object was to ascertain the practicability of employing the electricity generated by the process, for other uses. From this experiment I can give my opinion without hesitation, that should electro-magnetic engines be brought into practical use, of which I entertain no doubt, the same battery that excites them to action on the one hand, will, on the other, copy engravings of any size, *ad infinitum*. For, after all we have heard lately about voltaic batteries of intense power, sustaining ones, slow but equable, are the only apparatus that can be depended on for an indefinite length of time. I have not yet made experiments with the helix in sufficient number to warrant me in stating, for the present, the increase of deposition that may be derived from its use. I intend trying a number of statical experiments with coils of different thickness, and also coils of flat copper rolled up in the form of ribbon, covered with silk. The results of these may form the subject of another communication.

THOMAS SPENCER.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Madrid, March 8.

In my last I told you, that the excavations, made by order and at the expense of the government, on the site of ancient Itálica, had been suspended for want of funds: they have since been resumed, and are now carried on with some activity: but, from the direction in which the ruins lie, all idea is abandoned of the possibility of any part of the Roman city being discovered entire. Among the treasures lately found, is a marble statue of the Emperor Trajan, which has been placed in the Botanical Garden of Seville, upon a pedestal made with marbles and jasper, also taken from the ruins. The figure is of colossal size, quite perfect, and seems to be the work of an eminent artist. Coins, vases, house utensils, weapons, fragments of statues, and basso-reliefs, have likewise been dug up in large quantities, and sent for exhibition to the lower apartments of the Moorish Alcazar, from which, it is said, they are, with the other objects of antiquity, to be removed to a building specially destined for their reception—and that of the pictures and sculptures of the celebrated masters of the Sevillian school, which were in the suppressed convents of the province. An English gentleman of fortune, who has lately taken up his residence at Seville, has been mainly instrumental in promoting these improvements.

An event took place here a few days ago, which ought to form an era in the history of this country: I mean the laying the first stone of a building destined to be a model Penitentiary. The ceremony was attended by several members of the Congress, and the individuals of the Ayuntamiento. It is the first act of a Philanthropic Society lately formed here for the improvement of prison discipline, which has already found imitators in Barcelona, and other large cities. Nowhere was such a reform more needed; nowhere in Europe had this important duty, administrative justice, been so completely neglected as in Spain, where, even in the present day, criminals, without any regard either to sex, age, or the nature of the offence, are confined together in buildings for the most part inadequate; the consequences being too often their decimation, by epidemic diseases brought on by malaria and the want of proper food.

We have but few literary novelties: one is a collection of poems by two young men of Seville, named

Bueno, and Amador de los Rios. José Augusto Ochoa has also published a new novel entitled *El Huerfano de Almoguer*; and another, '*La Protección de un Sastre*,' by Don Miguel Santos Alvarez, has just appeared, but neither deserve more than a passing word. Two new magazines, one *La España Marítima*, monthly, the other, weekly, *La Mariposa*, have just begun their career. An interesting drama by Zorrilla, '*El Zapatero y el Rey*,' is the only recent theatrical production of any note; another is, however, promised, by the indefatigable Breton de los Herreros. History and science would seem to be entirely forgotten. To give you an idea of the neglected state of the former, it will be sufficient to state that, during the last three years no work has appeared treating directly or indirectly on the history of this country, with the exception of a wretched translation of a still more wretched production, by the Frenchman, Romey. Don Victoriano de Encina y Piedra, an ex-minister of the Finances, has lately been occupied in a translation of Sir Henry Parnell's work '*On Financial Reform*;' and the Marqués de Vallesantoro, celebrated for his Economic works, has published an excellent treatise on political economy adapted to the Peninsula.

A report of the proceedings of a literary and scientific society called *El Ateneo Científico*, during the last year, has just issued from the press. This society was founded in the year 1822 by a few individuals, who met to discuss literary questions, and to read poems or essays. It continued in that state until 1823, when it ceased to exist, with many other societies founded during the short period of the constitutional government. The subsequent political changes had the effect of restoring life to this and other societies, which, under the present liberal system, are rapidly diffusing education among all classes, and effacing the traces which inquisitorial rule and a lengthy civil despotism had left deep on the minds and character of the people. At the present moment the *Ateneo* contains no less than 495 subscribing members, a number which, considering the scanty population of this capital, not exceeding 200,000 souls, and the reduced fortunes of all, in a country wasted by civil war, will appear quite extraordinary. Public and gratuitous lectures are delivered every week, on civil and criminal law, social and political economy, mathematics, physics, geology, history, geography, numismatics, archaeology, Spanish and foreign literatures, besides the Greek, Latin, Arabic, Hebrew, English, German, Italian, and French languages; and the number of pupils inscribed at the different lectures, and thus receiving gratuitous instruction, amounts to upwards of 2,000. The society has likewise given its attention to the formation of a library, and a cabinet of medals, as well as to a collection of minerals and other objects of natural history, all of which are gradually increasing through the donations of its members. You may form an idea of the general occupations of the society from the titles of some of the papers read in the different sections during the course of last year. In the section of natural sciences, under the presidency of the Conde de Vico, a statistical table of all the lead mines in the Peninsula, their number, extent, quantity of ore they yield, &c.:—a similar paper on the coal mines has demonstrated that Spain is no less richly gifted in this most precious of minerals: up to the present day no less than 98 beds of excellent coal have been discovered in various parts of the country:—an account, by Señor Cabanillas, of a rich copper mine in the district of La Cruz de Linares, and another of cobalt in the mountains of Elaeis, in that part of the Pyrenean range bordering upon Aragon: Señor Collado read some learned notes on the cultivation of Indian corn, and the soils best fitted for the growth of that plant: Señor Aizquivel offered a short analysis of a work entitled *Historia natural agrícola y económica del Maíz*, by Mateo Bonafons, Barcelona, 1835. In the section of mathematical sciences Señor Vallejo, its chairman, read a memoir upon the best manner of extracting the particles of silver mixed with the lead ore of the mines of Granada, giving also an account of the silver mines existing in that province. In the section of literature and fine arts papers have been introduced, '*On the influence of Christianity on the literature of Europe*,' '*On the parallel between the Ancient and Modern Dramatic Schools*,' and '*On the comparison between*

* The paper inclosed may be seen at our Office in Wellington Street.—Ed.

the Ancient Books of Chivalry and the Modern Historical Novel.'

There is another literary society called *El Liceo*, conducted on similar principles, but its labours are confined to the fine arts, and the lighter branches of literature. Ladies, too, are frequently admitted to its sittings.

Leipzig, April.

MANY years ago a celebrated traveller, returning from Asia, observed, that nothing surprised him more on his journeys than to see only one carriage in use in the whole Persian empire: our greatest modern bard, some twenty years ago, expressed, in the same words, his surprise, that only one solitary steam-boat should plough the noble rivers of Germany. Within the last few years no country in Europe has, in proportion, made such successful exertions for improving internal communications as Germany. Twenty-five years ago very few good roads were to be found in this extensive region, the finest rivers were allowed to run useless, the inhabitants of their banks seeming hardly to be aware that they might become to them a source of wealth and comfort. Such were the consequences of the wars which for many years had raged all over the German land, and of the iron sway which Napoleon succeeded in establishing over all the nations of Europe, with the sole exception of the happy British Isles, for which blessing they have to thank their brave sailors and—the Channel!

Twenty-five years of peace have worked a wonderful change. You travel now from the frontiers of Russia, near Memel, to Switzerland, and from Holland to the confines of Hungary, on the best roads; all the States of Germany, large or small, vie with each other in these improvements; there is but one state which forms an exception in this honourable competition, viz. Hanover! Yes, Hanover, which, under the dominion of British sovereigns, remains stationary among the progress of its neighbours, a sad disgrace to its rulers, and creating the most painful feelings in the heart of every Englishman, who cannot but feel grieved that the cradle of sovereigns under whose government Great Britain ascended to the proudest height of prosperity and glory ever attained by any nation, should have to consider it now as its greatest bane to be governed by a member of our royal race, separated only by one single life from the crown of the British empire!

Besides the generally good roads, steam-boats and railway lines are, of late, facilitating interior communication in most parts of Germany. Everybody in England knows the steam-boat communications on the Rhine, which for several years past have poured out a mighty stream of English travellers, along the western parts of Germany and Switzerland. In the course of this summer (1840) the banks of the Elbe, Saxony, Bohemia, and the whole central part of Germany will be as easily admissible to the tourist, as the banks of the Rhine have hitherto been. Perhaps a few words on this subject may prove acceptable to persons intending to take a trip, on a journey to countries comparatively not so generally known. From London or Hull to Hamburg, steam-boats are regularly running several times every week. Hamburg is situated about eighty miles inland, on the navigable Elbe. From Hamburg to Magdeburg the journey is performed on board steam-boats offering the best accommodations. The distance, by the river, is about 250 English miles. From Magdeburg to Leipzig a railway is constructing; it will be opened, in its whole length, in the early part of this summer: the journey—about 74 miles—will then be performed in 3 or 4 hours. From Leipzig to Dresden a railway has been in operation for more than a year; the distance—714 miles—is performed in about 34 hours. From Dresden another line of steam-boats run, about 50 miles, as far as Tetschen in Bohemia, where you find yourself at a few hours' journey from Prague and Töplitz, as well as in the vicinity of Carlsbad, Frezenbad, and the other celebrated and fashionable Bohemian watering-places, which may all now be reached without any fatigue, or any great expense, five days after embarking from England. From Prague to Brünn the distance is about 60 miles, where the traveller will find excellent public coaches, or can take for private use, at any time, and at moderate prices, stage-coaches, kept always in readiness by all the post administrations throughout the Austrian Empire, for the accommodation of families travelling

without their own carriages. From Brünn to Vienna, the journey—about 85 miles—is performed in 4 or 5 hours, by a railway which has been in operation for upwards of a year. From Vienna, the steam-boats on the Danube run through Hungary to the Turkish frontiers, and the Black Sea, in communication with those plying to Constantinople, Odessa, Trebizonde, &c.

It is evident, from what I have here said, that in two months, when the whole Magdeburg Leipzig railway is opened, a person may travel from England to Vienna, or to Constantinople, by steam, with the exception of a distance of about 80 miles, comprising the two sections of road from Tetschen to Prague, and from Prague to Brünn, where neither railway nor steam-boat conveyance is as yet established.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

GRATIFYING accounts from Capt. James Ross have reached us from St. Helena; he has been very successful in his magnetic observations at sea, so much so, indeed, as in most cases to prefer them to observations made on shore. He found bottom in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, (14° S., 27° E. long.) at 2,500 fathoms! and, in short, has hitherto succeeded in all he had undertaken.

We observe, with pleasure, that Mr. J. E. Gray has been appointed to succeed Mr. Children as Keeper of the Zoological Collections in the British Museum.

Our artists are now, to use a rural simile, lying fallow. There are no new works of art on the easel—and painter and sculptor seem to rest alike content with their labours. The month of May may tell a different story, and envy then assume the shape of emulation. There is little, therefore, to relate of Art. The thirst to know what pictures are for exhibition, is somewhat satisfied, and artist and amateur, critic and connoisseur, are now inquiring—"Who are on the Hanging Committee, and how are pictures to be hung?" Are the Academicians alive to their situation? Have the Forty the fear of Mr. Hume before them? Is portraiture to prevail, as it has hitherto done, and a fine landscape give way to the likeness of—

Some tenth transmitter of a foolish face?

Moving in the atmosphere of art, one is pestered with questions of this description. We hear, then, that the localities of the paintings are intrusted to Messrs. Landseer, Cook, and Deering; and that the arrangement of the Sculpture is altogether in the hands of Mr. Westmacott.

Among forthcoming works worthy of especial mention, is a Series of Views, illustrative of Italian Scenes of Classical or Historical interest, or remarkable for picturesque beauty, with descriptive letterpress, by Mr. Brockedon. One of the peculiar features of this work is, that many of the views have been selected from the portfolios of travellers and artists, some one or other of whom had visited nearly every spot in that sweet southern land. With so comprehensive a choice, and with his own sketch-books filled with treasures gleaned from byways as well as highways, from the spurs of the Alps to the Gulf of Taranto, it would indeed be strange if so judicious a caterer could not offer to the public a work welcome to all who have recollections to refresh, or hopes and dreams to indulge in. We have seen many of the drawings, and, though not unfamiliar with the country, some views of great interest and beauty were quite new to us.—Another announcement which will be read with satisfaction, is of a collected and uniform edition, in 10 volumes, of Mr. Moore's poetry, to be arranged and revised by the author.—Mr. Burn, the author of 'The History of the Fleet Registers,' proposes to publish 'An Account of the Walloon, French, and Dutch Churches' established in various parts of England, in or since the reign of Henry the Eighth, with notices of the German, Spanish, and Italian Churches. Such a chronicle ought not to be without interest, for our manufacturing prosperity may, in many instances, be traced directly to these poor persecuted settlers, and many of our distinguished families are directly descended from them.—Mr. Henry F. Chorley also announces a work to be entitled 'Music and Manners in France and North Germany.'

The Academy of Sciences at Paris has elected M.

Piobert, a distinguished artillery officer, and one of the authors of the new system of French artillery, to fill the chair in its Mechanical section, vacant by the death of the late Baron de Prony. An oration in honour of that profound geometriician—the last of the illustrious band of philosophers which included the names of Lagrange, and Monge, and Berthollet, and Chaptal, and Daubenton, and Lacépède, and Cuvier—was pronounced in the Chamber of Peers by the Baron Charles Dupin, in its sitting of the 2nd inst. At a recent meeting of the Academy a letter from M. Humboldt was read, in which he states that the last Comet observed at Berlin is, in all probability, the same as that which appeared 370 years ago—which fact, if confirmed, would furnish astronomy with another example of a comet, with a short period of revolution. We may also mention that the Academy has been directed, by an ordinance of M. Cousin, the new Minister of Public Instruction, to draw up a general view of the condition and progress of the moral and political sciences, from the year 1789 to the close of 1832. It is to be divided into five parts, corresponding to the five sections of the Academy, and to be presented to the King by a deputation of that body in the early part of January, 1842. M. Rossi has undertaken that section of the task which embraces political economy.—M. Mignet the historical department; while that of moral philosophy has been intrusted to M. A. de Tocqueville. The Report will be printed at the royal press, in the same form with the Reports presented in 1808 by the other classes of the Institute, and which were prepared by Cuvier, Delambre, Chénier, Dacier, and Lebreton. The Academy instructed its officers to wait on the king and minister, and express its pride and gratification at the important labour assigned to it. A similar Report has been demanded from l'Académie des Beaux Arts, which is to contain a view of the state of Art in France for the last thirty years.

Donnizetti's long-talked-of opera, 'Les Martyrs,' was produced at the *Académie Royale* last week. Its success, which seems to have equalled Parisian expectation, has surpassed ours. We know how large a share in the triumph belongs to M. Scribe for the *libretto*,—in which, working upon Corneille's 'Polyeucte' for canvas, he has assembled some of those striking *coups de théâtre* in which he rarely fails—and to MM. Ciceri and Philastre and Cambon, for their properties and decorations—to say nothing of such powerful auxiliaries as Duprez and Madame Dorus-Gras in the principal characters. Yet even such large drawbacks from the musician's responsibilities in the affair being allowed for, it was beyond our hopes that Sig. Donnizetti, after having diluted and frittered away his talent for so many years, should still retain strength to meet the demands made by a grand work in the pseudo-classical style, so as in anywise to satisfy a public accustomed to Rossini's 'Guillaume Tell,' and the two grand operas of Meyerbeer. This, however, the music of 'Les Martyrs' appears to have done. The story affords fine scope for the musician to contrast the voluptuous seductions of Pagan idolatry with the grave unadorned sublimity of Christian faith and hope: and though its Italian narrator (for such the opera composer in some sort is) may not have adhered to these conditions with the conscientiousness and strictness of a German, or that clever sense of fitness, which amounts to a principle among the musicians of *La jeune France*, he has still, in part, divested himself of his usual careless insipidity—being in part ambitious, in part captivating—giving here a severe movement to content the purists—there a *polacca*, or a *stretto* with the unfailing Italian *crescendo*, to carry away the more easily satisfied votaries of such music as touches the heart by tickling the ear. In one duet, a direct plagiarism of Meyerbeer's magnificent harp effect, from the trio in 'Les Huguenots,' is charged upon the *maestro*. Duprez is superb in his new part,—the first (save that in the 'Lac des Fées') which has been written for him since his arrival at the Opera: the decorations, processions, dances, &c., are splendid; and with the powerful aid of such artists and such an ensemble of performance, will probably give 'Les Martyrs' a like station of esteem to that possessed by 'La Juive.' Be it remembered, however, that this is but a hearsay report.

At the seventh concert of the *Conservatoire* the c

minor symphony of Beethoven, and the G minor symphony of Mozart, were performed, with an overture, composed by Mad. Farrence, a violin solo by M. Allard—and for vocal music Clari's charming duett 'Cantando un di,' with two of Handel's songs, one of these being an air from 'Alexander's Feast' (probably the 'Revenge') sung by M. Alizard. Our neighbours, it would seem, are bestirring themselves to hear, as well as to talk about, the master works of the ancient school. The *Gazette Musicale* reports a private concert given by the Princess Belgiojoso, at which the whole of 'Samson' was performed. Whereabouts in May-Fair might we look for such a "celebrity"? One rumour, however, of a step, which may be in some way called reciprocity, is not to be forgotten. Since offering our hint last week as to the good taste and justice of England keeping pace with France and Germany, as far as the music of M. Berlioz is concerned, we observe a report that there are negotiations on foot with M. Laporte, for some performances at the Opera House, at which the works of the French symphonist may be heard on the grandest possible scale, and—what is essential to their being fairly appreciated here,—under his own direction.

Our Paris Correspondent mentions "a change" or two at the Théâtre Français, the actors of which establishment continue to manage its affairs without a Director; and, he adds, (a natural consequence,) without unanimity. One is the complete restoration to health of Mlle. Rachel. "She has absolutely," writes our friend, "gained considerably in *emboupoint*, and her voice in depth and compass; the parts of *Emilie* in 'Cinna,' of *Roxana* in 'Bajazet,' being still the favourite parts, by which the *parterre* is alternately subdued and electrified."—Mlle. Mars has re-appeared at the same theatre, from whence Mlle. Dupont has been somewhat unceremoniously dismissed.—An outrage offered to an actress behind the scenes of the Renaissance, has led to the renewal of an order, from the Prefect of Police, positively interdicting the admission of strangers behind the curtain.—M. Casimir Delavigne's 'Fille du Cid' has been produced, by arrangement with the Renaissance and the author, at the Odéon, the scene of the early triumphs of the latter:—and the Reading Committee of the same theatre has unanimously accepted a three act tragedy by M. Nepomucène Lemerrier, member of the French Academy.—At the Gymnase, a translation of the Princess Amelia of Saxony's favourite piece, 'Die Braut aus der Residenz,' (the Betrothed of the Capital,) has been brought out, under the title of 'Une Femme Charmante.'

Accounts reached town from Dublin, yesterday, of the death of Mr. Thomas Drummond, the Under Secretary of State for Ireland, but better known, perhaps, to our readers, as the inventor of the Drummond Light. In him the government has lost one of its most efficient servants, and science a zealous and successful cultivator.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The GALLERY, for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from 10 in the Morning until 5 in the Evening.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS, at their GALLERY, PALL MALL EAST, WILL OPEN on MONDAY, the 27th instant.—Open each day from 9 till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

R. HILLS, Sec.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS, is NOW OPEN, at their GALLERY, 33, PALL MALL (adjoining the British Institution), from 9 o'clock till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

JAMES FAHEY, Hon. Sec.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The Two Pictures now exhibiting represent the CORONATION of HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA in Westminster Abbey, and the Interior of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE at Florence, with all the effects of Light and Shade, from Noon till Midnight. Open from 10 till 5.

ADELAIDE-STREET and LOWTHER ARCADE, WEST STRAND, ROYAL GALLERY of PRACTICAL SCIENCE.—During the Easter Holidays, the amusement of young visitors will be consulted by the Exhibition of striking Experiments in Chemical and Physical Science, and by brief popular explanations of the principles on which they are based.—Magical Vocal Mirrors.—Invisible Speakers.—Fairy Grotto.—The first Steam-Gun ever constructed.—Steam Engines at work.—Dry-hydrogen Microscope.—Living Electrical Eel—and an endless number of other novel and attractive objects. The following trades and processes will be carried on and explained during the hours of exhibition:—Printing, Glass-Blowing, Cameo-Cutting, Paper-Cutting, Weaving, Artificial Flower-Making, Turning, &c.—Open daily at 10, A.M. Admission, 1s.

HATCHING BIRDS BY STEAM!

THE ECCALOBION, 121, PALL MALL.—This extraordinary and wonderful Exhibition of the Production of Animal Life by Machinery, with all the interesting phenomena which accompany the development of life and organization, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Book, 1s.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.—PROCLAMATION!!

Be it known to all men by these presents, that the GREAT WIZARD of the NORTH has to our (the Public's) satisfaction, demonstrated his perfect invulnerability; we therefore guarantee that he shall RE-OPEN his Temple of Science, Magic, Delusion, and Wonder, on EASTER MONDAY, April 20th, 1840, and continue open during the week, to have and to hold his unrivalled entertainment of novel and semi-supernatural Phantasmagry, being retrospectively and prospectively a complete synopsis of ancient and modern Necromancy; concluding with the unfathomable GUN DESTRUCTION.

Given under the hand and seal of public approbation, testifying our never-failing admiration of the Great Wizard of the North.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 13.—G. B. Greenough, Esq. F.R.S., President, in the chair.

Professor K. E. von Baer, of St. Petersburg, was elected a Foreign Corresponding Member.

The following communications were read:—

1. A letter from Baron Cetto, presenting to the Society, in the name of the King of Bavaria, 78 sheets of the Topographic Atlas of that kingdom, to be completed in 100 sheets, on the scale of $\frac{1}{30,000}$, or 1.5 inch to a mile, together with plans of Munich, Augsburg, Ratisbon, &c., and a model in relief, coloured according to nature, of the country from Constance and Frankfort, on the west, to the Salzburger lakes on the east, on the horizontal scale of $\frac{1}{300,000}$ or 6 miles to an inch, and the vertical scale of $\frac{1}{300,000}$ or 1000 yards to an inch, the whole admirably executed at the Bureau Topographique at Munich.

2. From M. Baer at St. Petersburg, stating that owing to M. Schargin having quitted Yakuzk, he regretted that the series of observations, instituted by the Academy of Sciences, to ascertain the exact increase of temperature in a well at that place, in which the ground had been found frozen at a depth of 350 feet, was delayed, but that as soon as a competent observer could be found to reside in that part of Siberia, the observations would be continued under the direction of the Academy. M. Baer also mentioned that Mr. Schrenk, a zealous young botanist and geologist, had just set out in the service of the Botanic Garden at St. Petersburg, to cross through the more southern parts of Siberia, explore Kamchatka and California, and probably return by Mexico. The geography of plants was his chief object, but Mr. Schrenk was also to pay much attention to ethnography.

3. From Major Rawlinson, at Bombay, February 13, stating that he was to start the following day for Kábul, by way of Kelát and Kandahar. "My passage down the Tigris," says Major Rawlinson, "from Baghdad to Basrah was very interesting to me, for I had thereby ocular verification of much that was before known to me only from report. The lower part of the Kerkhah is still however involved in much mystery. The stream which falls into the Shát-ul-Arab, just below Korna, is not one-tenth of the volume of the river at Sús; and the Had, which runs from the Tigris towards the Kerkhah, is even of a larger size. All my information leads me to believe in the existence of an immense lake or khor between Hawzah and Korna (laid down in my manuscript map, sent to the Society last year), in which the waters of the Had and nine-tenths of those of the Kerkhah are lost, or rather carried off by evaporation; and this remarkable physical feature has never appeared in any map yet published.

4. From Colonel Gawler, dated Adelaide, South Australia, October 19, 1839; communicated by the South Australian Commissioners.—This letter states that Mr. Eyre, already well known by his travels in that district, had been sent by the governor to examine Streaky Bay, about sixty miles to the westward, and where there seemed a probability of a river being found. Quitting Port Lincoln on the western shore of Spencer's Gulf, on the 5th of August, Mr. Eyre travelled to the north-west for fifty-five miles, when he reached Cape Bauer, the south-eastern point of Streaky Bay; here the scrub had become so thick that he left his horse-team, and rode to Point Bell, twenty miles farther. On the 15th of September, the small vessel which was to have been sent for him not having arrived, he formed the enterprising resolution of going

direct across in an easterly direction from Cape Bauer to the head of Spencer Gulf; on reaching which, he turned to the northward, along the western side of Flinders' range, and thence returned, in a nearly direct course, to Adelaide. This journey has decided the valueless character of this peninsula; the country is low and undulating, but no streams or chains of ponds, few trees, the land scrubby and strong. A range of mountains, 2,000 feet high, extends in an east and west direction, along to the northward of the line travelled by Mr. Eyre, of a red amygdaloid, bare, and without a tree; from this the view to the southward was extensive, and nothing seen to encourage expectation. The harbours of Streaky and Denial Bay excellent, but no rivers. The bed of the lake formerly seen by Mr. Eyre, thirty-five miles north of the head of Spencer's Gulf, proves to be really a lake; its northern extremity was not discovered, but it is believed to drain to the northward. On rounding the head of Spencer's Gulf, to descend towards Adelaide, Mr. Eyre met with a good and well-watered country.

5. A Letter from John Holmes, Esq., of the MS. Department of the British Museum, on the *Cartes Catalanes* in the King's Library at Paris.—My dear Sir,—You are well aware, that of late various French writers, Malte-Brun, Buchon, Huon, Paulin-Paris, &c., have asserted, that it is to the Catalan inhabitants of Majorca, and not, as it was before believed, to the Portuguese navigators of the school of Don Henry, that the credit is due of having discovered the north-west coast of Africa, from Cape Nun to Cape Bojador: that the Plane Chart was not invented at the Nautical Academy of Sagres, in the Algarves, but by the Catalans: that to them the island of Madeira was well known under the name of the *Isola di Legname*; and that they were familiar with these facts at least a half century earlier than the rest of Europe, or even than the supposed Portuguese discoverers. Malte-Brun allows, that the Catalan voyages "are indicated only by geographical charts, and are destitute of other certain historical proof." The authenticity of these charts and their real date are, therefore, matters of some importance. The charts exist in the 'Bibliothèque du Roi,' in a MS., to which Malte-Brun assigns the date of 1316; whereas none of the facts which it is made to prove were understood to have been known until about 1420 or 1430—a difference of three-fourths of a century. His recent editor, M. Huot, leaving Malte-Brun's original statement untouched, describes the charts a second time, not recognizing their identity, and attributes to them the date of 1374—thus making them answer a double purpose. M. Huot copies a memoir communicated to him by M. J. A. Buchon, Inspecteur des Archives du Royaume, which had been read before the Institute, and which is the foundation also of M. Paulin-Paris's account. I must confess that I looked at first with some suspicion upon a statement which flatly contradicted the hitherto unquestioned authority of early, if not contemporary writers. The evidence upon which it is founded appeared to me inconclusive in itself, and to be in part based upon gross error. Passing over its variance from the accounts of Barros and other writers, I cannot conclude with MM. Buchon and Huon, that, from the language in which the charts are written, they are Catalan or Castilian, and therefore the work of the mathematicians of Majorca; still less can I agree with them, that because "the Christian flag" is over Cyprus, therefore they cannot be later than 1375, "in which year Cyprus was conquered by the Sultan of Egypt!" The language is that mixture of dialects, chiefly Spanish and Italian, which was known as the *Romans* over a great part of the South of Europe, and particularly on the shores of the Mediterranean, where much of it still remains in the *Lingua Franca*. I have now before me a MS. in the same dialect, written about 1450, calling itself *Romans*. As for Cyprus, it was "Christian" in 1375, under the Lusignan family; and it still was "Christian" in 1473, when it passed from that dynasty to other "Christians," the Venetians, from whom it was not taken till 1570, and then not by a "Sultan of Egypt," but by Mustafa, the general of Solymán II., the Grand Seigneur of the Turks. Surely M. Buchon cannot have meant to allude to the short-lived invasion of Cyprus by the Genoese! The only other proof which is offered

of their early date is, that the calculations of Easter day begin in 1375. I will merely remark, that at least it was not unusual to make those calculations backward as well as forward, a practice of which I can show instances in the fifteenth century, and which is common at the present day. An error which tends to strengthen my doubts, occurs in all the statements of the three writers whom I have named, viz.—that only two charts of earlier date are known; one by Visconti in 1318, (three years prior to Marino Sanuto!) another by Benincasa in 1370,—both in the Library at Vienna. Now of this last geographer I know of eight charts, all dated between 1466 and 1489; three of them are in the British Museum, two at Paris, two at Venice, and one in the Vatican. Here is a palpable error of a century in date. It is only within a few days that I have seen M. Buchon's lithographed copy of these charts; it is difficult to judge, with exactness, of the age of MSS. by mere outline fac-similes, but my opinion of the writing is, that 1440 is about the real date. The "Christian flag" over Cyprus, is evidently intended either for the arms of Jerusalem, borne by the Lusignan family, or for that of the Emperors of the East: the fact is not of much importance, but the MS. itself would probably show whether cross crosslets or Beta's are meant. The best test was a comparison of the N.W. coast of Africa with the chart of Andrea Bianco, of the undoubted date of 1436. The outlines of that coast, the Canary Isles and Madeira, so closely agree, that it might be supposed they were taken from some common original, the names being changed according to the language of the copyist. Would such close agreement exist between charts of 1375 and 1436, when we consider what had been done in those sixty years? But, putting all details aside, could the discoveries of "The Catalans," thus reduced into writing in 1375, have remained unknown to Don Henry, and those of his Academy, with whom even M. Buchon not only allows that "the Catalans" were in relation, but he also quotes Andres to prove that a native of Majorca was chosen to superintend the Nautical Academy of Sagres, at its first foundation by Don Henry in 1415, a period of forty years after the supposed date of these charts! Again, is the evidence of the early date of these charts, whether according to Malte-Brun in 1346, or according to Buchon, Huot, and Paulin-Paris, in 1375, sufficiently clear and decisive to overcome the united testimony of all authors who have written on the subject? M. Paulin-Paris, whose book was published in 1836, says that M. Jomard, "Directeur du Cabinet des Cartes et Plans de la Bibliothèque du Roi," was then engaged in researches upon these charts, and that he purposed to publish the results. I cannot find that such has been the case: he may have resolved the doubts which I have expressed. The charts are, however, mentioned in the report just made by M. Sabin Berthelot to the Geographical Society of Paris, on the geographical collections of the Bibliothèque Royale, where they are called "a remarkable work of the fourteenth century, (1375)," and are enumerated amongst the early monuments of geography, indeed, as the earliest originals which the Bibliothèque du Roi possesses, those previously described in the Report being printed or manuscript copies from other libraries: one is the copy of the early rectangular map in the Cottonian Library, which was made in 1830, by Mr. Walker of the Admiralty, under the direction of Sir John Barrow, for M. Jomard. It has since been engraved in the *Penny Magazine*.—I am, &c.

To Capt. Washington, R.N.

JOHN HOLMES.

6. From Dr. Grant, dated Urumiyah, January 3; communicated by Col. Shiel.—In my journey through this part of Kurdistan, says the writer, I found Akereh by my bearings to lie north-east, about thirty miles from Mosul, and from the former place, Amadiyah bore a little to the west of north, twenty-two hours distant. From the castle of Amadiyah the Zab is distinctly visible, distant about ten miles to the east-north-east. The Zab and the Hakari rivers are the same. The Khabur is distant from Amadiyah twelve hours; it rises one day's journey east-north-east of Julamerik. The Zab is an exceedingly rapid river, and runs over a rocky bed. I followed its course to Julamerik, and then to near its source west of Selmas. I never felt so much the value of my medical character as in my trip across

the mountains, a journey, which, with the time I spent with the patriarch, &c., occupied just two months; during all this time I received the kindest assistance from Christians and Kurds, a circumstance which I attribute mainly to the fact that I was well known by reputation in that region. I met with some of my old patients in the extreme western limit of Tiyrari, and through the whole of the Hakari country, so that I was welcomed as a friend and benefactor. I found the country of the Nestorian Christians as rough and difficult as I could well have conceived, but I did not mind walking a few days in such an interesting region, and I soon found that I could walk over the long bare poles, which in many cases serve as bridges, almost as well as a native. The people of Tiyrari are of a noble race; but as wild and independent as the mountains they inhabit. They have no tradition of their country ever having been invaded, and they say that the armies of Mohammed and Omar could not reach them. Their dialect differs considerably from that of the people of Urumiyah, and the intonations of voice are much deeper and stronger. At the same time, there is an independence in their whole deportment, such as I have seen among no other native Christians in the East. Their principal wealth consists in their flocks, but they cultivate rice, millet, and grapes in abundance, and the land is almost literally flowing with milk and honey, which I ate twice every day, regularly, for more than a month while with the patriarch. Political and other changes will probably open this region to the traveller ere long. At present the apprehension of change makes the Kurds much on the alert, while the Christians are desirous that the whole country should come under a Christian government, and would readily co-operate with any foreign power for this object, and most efficient auxiliaries they would be in such a country.

7. 'Notes on a Journey from Saucedo, near Zacatecas, in Mexico, to the mining district of Catorce,' by Major Charters, R.A.—Journeying in an east direction for forty miles, over a barren plain, where a few stunted palms and the cactus are the only traces of vegetable life, the traveller reaches the mining town of Ramos. The mines here are in one principal vein; there are eight shafts, the deepest 390 yards, and consist of argentiferous copper pyrites and copper glance, chiefly in clay slate; with a surface coating twelve yards thick of compact lava: this covers a small extent of country around Ramos, of which the volcanic hill of Zamora, half a mile to the south-east, would seem to have been the centre. There are two other hills of the same nature near Ramos, one of which, to the east-north-east, is named La Cantera, from the building material thence obtained. It is worthy of remark that the volcanic mass covers the metalliferous veins, which has been worked to a considerable depth—the plain between Saucedo and Ramos is covered with a thin deposit of calcareous tufa, which, in the dry season is easily reduced to powder, and is very disagreeable to the traveller. Major Charters had remarked a similar calcareous deposit in many parts of the South African plains, and asks what may be the origin of these widely extended deposits far removed from any mountain of a similar nature? From Ramos the road turns N.E. to Cornejo, at 10 leagues distance, a few huts on the edge of a freshwater lake, about two miles long, which has neither inlet nor outlet; the water is extremely good, and a valuable treasure on these arid plains. The same calcareous deposit extends thus far, and here covers a beautiful breccia. Continuing in the same direction, the traveller passes the lone house called San Juan de Tusal, near the base of Mount Venado; then the farm of Mingale, and some leagues beyond the gorge in a mountain ridge, called El Puerto de Mingale, on debouching from which, the whole range of the Catorce group becomes visible in the distance. Seven leagues farther over the plain brings you to the small town of Catorce, situated at the foot of the mountains, while higher up, at an elevation of 8,575 feet above the sea, is the mining town of Real de los Alamos, containing 10,000 inhabitants. This group of mountains so far resembles that of Zacatecas, that it is unconnected with any other range, and rises directly from the surrounding plains, and this seems to be the distinguishing character of the metalliferous mountains of Mexico, with the exception of Bolaños,

which belongs to an extensive chain. It is, however, unlike the Zacatecas group both in external appearance and formation; it is on a much bolder scale, and some sections of the limestone strata are here extremely magnificent. The mineral wealth which has been produced by it has been very great, so much so as to give it the third if not the second rank amongst the mineral districts of Mexico. The limestone, which forms the principal character of this group, appears to rest on clay slate, and the miners have taken full advantage as well of its deep ravines as of the nature of the rock, to drain great adits; that of the principal mine called La Luz, is six yards high, six wide, and 1,100 yards in length, and cost about 30,000*l.*; the principal workings are above this, so that the stuff is let down from above, and carried out in horse carts at a brisk trot through the adit. In this group of mountains there is also a volcanic mountain, similar in appearance to that at Ramos, although on a larger scale than the Zamora.

Among the donations on the table, besides the Topographic Atlas and model in relief of Bavaria, was a detailed map and memoir upon the environs of Khiva, by M. Zimmerman, of Berlin, presented by Baron Humboldt; a map of the duchy of Salzburg, in 15 sheets, and of Austria proper, in 30 sheets, by the Bureau Topographique, presented by M. Löwenstern of Vienna; and an Atlas of Tuscany in 20 sheets, by Zuccagni Orlandini, presented by M. Berardi in the name of the author.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
MON.	Statistical Society	Eight.
	Horticultural Society	Three.
TUES.	Architectural Society	Eight.
	Linnæan Society	Eight.
WED.	Society of Arts	p. Seven.

FINE ARTS

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

Sixth Exhibition.

THIS is, by common consent, recognized as the best display made by the New Society of Painters in Water Colours. Indeed, we doubt whether many works will be exhibited this year more excellent after their kind than the gems in this small collection; and we were glad to see that most encouraging of monosyllables, "*sold*," attached to so large a number.

The most elaborate drawing is Mr. Edward Corbould's *Canterbury Pilgrims* (No. 198). The artist's ambition, however, has not taken the vain-glorious form of competition with Stothard, as some may possibly augur, from the announcement of the subject. The cheerful and motley party immortalized by Chaucer, are not on the road, but assembled in the court-yard of the Tabard hostelry, and preparing for their departure. The knight is already on horseback, attended by his "Yeman," with the "peacock arwes"—while the "lover and lusty bachelor," his son, still dallies to divide parting words and parting smiles between the pretty maid of the inn and the other dainty lady (which among the pilgrims?), whose graceful figure, and hands listlessly clasped behind her, while she listens to his courtesy, suggest a face so arch and beautiful, that perhaps Mr. Corbould did well not to attempt it. Other of the personages are distributed in animated and carefully-finished groups—the fault being, as our note of interrogation intimates, that the story is not clearly told. Moreover, though the drawing bears a degree of finish laudable, because not inclining towards pettiness, there is, nevertheless, a confusion in the general effect, arising from a feeble arrangement of colour, and a tendency towards the gay and pretty. The same faults and the same merits are observable in Mr. Corbould's smaller composition—the beggar group of olden times entering the portal (244). Both drawings, however, are infinitely superior to the sickly coxcombs exhibited in the Annuals, by which Mr. E. Corbould's name has been hitherto too extensively known.

Mr. Haghe's *Gale of the Coavent of San Geronymo, at Belem* (122), will probably be the favourite work in the Exhibition—and a very beautiful drawing it is. The spectator stands within a cloister receiving light from the left:—opposite to him is the enriched

Gothic portal of the Convent; while above his head, rich foliage, pendants, and vaultings stretch away towards the foreground. In the portal, stand a monk or two; and beggars and wayfarers, crouching or loitering round, are grouped in pleasant harmony with the grave and rich architecture. We return to the latter, however, because, though Mr. Haghe's figures are characteristic and various, the inanimate part of the picture is still its best feature—the human beings, especially in their colouring, bearing too close an approximation to the *effigy*. The cause of this peculiarity may well be ascribed to Mr. Haghe's extreme success in architectural detail, which engenders a certain formality and coldness in treating living subjects. To understand the value of his pre-eminence, the eye need but turn to Mr. Howse's *Church of St. Laurence, Rotterdam* (228), which is a clever drawing, though the colouring is a trifle too gay, and the outlines too indistinct.

Mr. Kearney's *Death of Titian* (155) shows us the interior of a rich Venetian chamber, with the aged artist unable to move on his death-pillow, while a crowd of rioters, made lawless by the protection of the pestilence, and reckless of the presence of death, break in, and rifle the room of its gorgeous treasures. The pale, recumbent figure of the dying man—undisturbed, save very indistinctly, by this brutal violence—contrasts well with the eager, debauched, half-attired ruffians, who pursue the work of plunder. This is a great advance on anything hitherto exhibited by Mr. Kearney, whether as to design or to execution. Another clever and characteristic work—and also by much the best drawing its artist has exhibited—is Mr. Warren's *Ibraheem Bey* (139), a desert scene, of clear sky, and a waste of trackless sand, with a group of figures of men and camels, casting their long shadows athwart the plain. The Bey, who, with his followers, is retreating before his enemies, is halting in his flight,—his carpet as tranquilly spread, and his attendants as deliberately submissive, as if he were on a progress of triumph, and not of escape. The figures are excellent; in particular the Nubian, with his heavy formally-cut hair, and his white teeth glistening in such a strong and disagreeable contrast with his oily dark-brown skin. A smaller *à fresco* Eastern scene, *Kaif* (77), by Mr. Warren, is likewise a meritorious and attractive drawing. With Mr. Warren's Nubian may be mentioned Mr. A. Penley's *Negro* (35), by much the best drawing its artist exhibits.

There are, besides the above, a fair proportion of romantic and sentimental subjects; few, however, of sufficient importance to claim separate notice—character figures, by Mr. H. Johnston, Mr. Absolon, Mr. Rochard, Mr. H. P. Riviere—the last giving us a “pretty page” (226)—and Mr. B. R. Green's portrait (187) also claiming a passing word of praise.

Of some among the landscapes, the elder Water-colour Society might be proud. Mr. D'Egville's *View on the Lago di Garda* (22), for instance, reminds us both of Harding and of Stanfield, though anything but a servile copy,—freedom, clearness, and absence of affectation being its characteristics; and these unspoiled, as is too often the case, by that slovenliness which some water-colourists mistake for breadth of hand. Most of the many works bearing the names of Mr. Bright, or of Mr. Duncan, are also works of merit: the clever snow and sunset landscapes by the former, and sea-pieces by the latter, must be specified. Nor, while on the sea, must Mr. J. S. Robins be forgotten, for his treatment of sky, water, and marine architecture, is always happy, and, what is more, original. We have but a line left for the praise of Mr. Telbin, for his *Cintra* (10), Mr. Robertson for his *Hawthornden* (303), and Mr. Wehnert for his clever *Interior of the Great Hall of Plas Mawr Conway* (198).

MISCELLANEA

Delivery of Letters.—It may be well, in a brief paragraph, to remind our town readers, that if every house had a letter-box, and if all letters were prepaid, the delivery would be expedited ten or twenty fold. The letter-box need not be in the slightest degree unsightly: we have had one put up at our own door, and find it a great convenience; but a new one has been invented by Mr. Downer, which when a letter is dropped in strikes a bell or alarm sufficiently loud to be heard all over the house.

Steam-boilers.—At the last sitting of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, and on the report of M. Ségurier the younger, a gold medal was decreed to the elder M. Chaussonet, for an apparatus to render the explosion of steam-boilers impossible. According to the report, his invention is possible, both as regards its improvements on the safety-valve, and an ingenious contrivance to give notice to the crew and passengers of impending danger. Even the contingency of wilful mischief is provided against; as in the event of all the warnings of his machinery failing, or being disregarded, the steam flows back upon the furnace, extinguishes the fire, and destroys all possibility of an explosion.

Restoration of the Jews.—On more than one occasion, we have called attention to the signs, of one kind or another, by which the exiles of Israel are beginning to express their impatience for the accomplishment of the prophecies that point to their restoration,—and the changes, physical and moral, which are gradually breaking down the barriers to the final fulfilment of the promise. These are curious and worth attention; and more significant, in their aggregation, and with reference to the character of the people in question, than those of our readers, who have looked at them hastily and separately, may have been prepared to suspect. The Malta letters bring accounts from Syria, in which some curious particulars are given of Sir Moses Montefiore's proceedings, during his late visit to the Holy Land. We remember rumours which had currency, some years ago, of the great Jewish capitalist's (Mr. Rothschild's) design to employ his wealth in the purchase of Jerusalem, as the seat of a kingdom, and bring back the tribes under his own guidance and sovereignty. If the scheme, amid its sublimity, savoured sufficiently of the romantic to make the rumour suspicious, the positive acts of Sir Moses, at least, exhibit an anxiety to gather together the wanderers in the neighbourhood of their ancient home, and future hopes,—that they may await events on the ground where they can best be made available to the fulfilment of the promise. During his pilgrimage, he sought his way to the hearts of his countrymen, by giving a *talaris* (we believe about fifteen piastres) to every Israelite; and having instituted strict inquiries respecting the various biblical antiquities on his way, and ascertained the amount of duty which the sacred places and villages paid to the Egyptian government to be about 64,000 purses, (a purse being equal to fifteen *talaris*), he proposed to the Viceroy of Egypt, that he (Sir Moses) should pay this revenue out of his own pocket, as the price of that prince's permission to him to colonize all those places with the children of Israel. The offer has been, it is said, accepted, subject to the condition that the colony shall be considered national, and not under European protection.

Turning Lathes.—At the ordinary meeting of the Society of Arts on Wednesday, the large silver medal was awarded to Mr. J. Hick, jun., of Bolton, for an improved expanding mandrel for turning lathes. It is necessary that a mandrel should fit so accurately, as to bite on the inner surface with a force sufficient to counteract that of the tool, and, in the ordinary mode, the same mandrel cannot be used for two pieces which are of different diameters. Consequently, in many engineering establishments, a stock of mandrels is kept, amounting to 600 or 700. Mr. Hick purposes to do the same work with eight sizes of the mandrel, from one inch and a quarter to ten inches. He effects his object by having the spindle of the mandrel shaped on the frustum of a cone, on the face of which are four dove-tail grooves to receive wedges, the under faces of which have the reverse inclination of the cone, so that the lines of their outside faces are always parallel with the axis of the mandrel. A nut is screwed on the spindle, which acts on the wedges through the medium of a conical cup, which drives them up to their bearings inside of the work.

Birmingham Hospital.—Her Majesty the Queen, and the Queen Dowager, have consented to become Patrons of this Institution, to which Dr. Warneford, of Bourton on the Hill, has presented a munificent donation of 1000*l*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—P. O. H.—C.—E. B.—C. S. W. E. received. Left for H. L., as requested.

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